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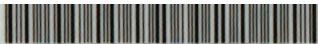
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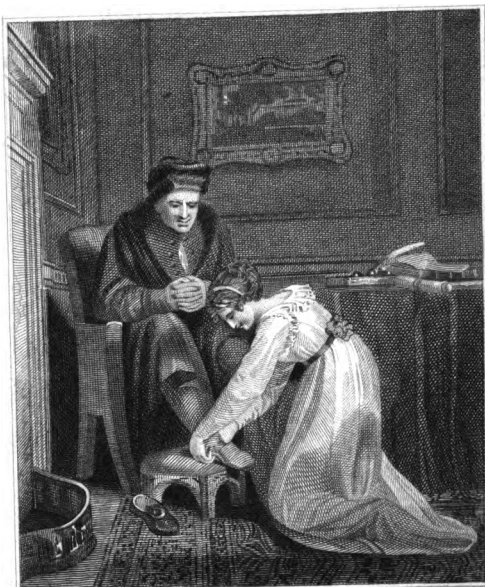


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THE

SPECTATOR.

WITH

SKETCHES

OF

THE LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

AN INDEX,

AND

Explanatory Notes.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. X.

PHILADELPHIA:

JAMES CRISSY, CHESTNUT STREET.

1824.

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THE
SPECTATOR,

BY

ADDISON,
STEELE,
PARNELL,
HUGHES,
PARKER,

TICKELL,
BUDGELL,
GROVE,
BYROM,
HENLEY,

AND OTHERS.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.—VOL. X.

PHILADELPHIA:

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THE SPECTATOR.

No. 475. THURSDAY, SEPT. 4, 1712. *By Addison.*

— *Quæ res in se neque in consilium, neque modum
Habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes.* TER.

Advice is thrown away, where the case admits of neither counsel nor moderation.

It is an old observation, which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their sovereign, than promote his real service, that they accommodate their counsels to his inclinations, and advise him to such actions only as his heart is naturally set upon. The privy-counsellor of one in love must observe the same conduct, unless he would forfeit the friendship of the person who desires his advice. I have known several odd cases of this nature. Hipparchus was going to marry a common woman, but being resolved to do nothing without the advice of his friend Philander, he consulted him upon the occasion. Philander told him his mind freely, and represented his mistress to him in such strong colours, that the next morning, he received a challenge for his pains, and before twelve o'clock

was run through the body by the man who had asked his advice. Cælia was more prudent on the like occasion; she desired Leonilla to give her opinion freely upon a young fellow who made his addresses to her. Leonilla, to oblige her, told her with great frankness, that she looked upon him as one of the most worthless——Cælia, foreseeing what a character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding clothes. When she has made her own choice, for form's sake she sends a *conge d'elire* to her friends.

If we look into the secret springs and motives that set people at work on these occasions, and put them upon asking advice which they never intend to take; I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a secret which is so very pleasing to them. A girl longs to tell her confident, that she hopes to be married in a little time, and, in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells so much in her thoughts, asks her very gravely, what she would advise her to do in a case of so much difficulty? Why else should Melissa, who had not a thousand pounds in the world, go into every quarter of the town to ask her acquaintance whether they would advise her to take Tom Townley, that made his addresses to her, with an estate of five thousand a year? It is very pleasant, on this occasion, to hear the lady propose her doubts, and to see the pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a practice that is in use among the vainer part of our own sex, who will

often ask a friend's advice in relation to a fortune whom they are never like to come at. Will Honeycomb, who is now on the verge of three-score, took me aside not long since, and asked me in his most serious look, whether I would advise him to marry my lady Betty Single, who, by the way, is one of the greatest fortunes about town. I stared him full in the face upon so strange a question; upon which he immediately gave me an inventory of her jewels and estate, adding, that he was resolved to do nothing in a matter of such consequence without my approbation. Finding he would have an answer, I told him, if he could get the lady's consent he had mine. This is about the tenth match, which, to my knowledge, Will has consulted his friends upon, without ever opening his mind to the party herself.

I have been engaged in this subject by the following letter, which comes to me from some notable young female scribe, who, by the contents of it, seems to have carried matters so far, that she is ripe for asking advice; but as I would not lose her good will, nor forfeit the reputation which I have with her for wisdom, I shall only communicate the letter to the public, without returning any answer to it.

MR. SPECTATOR,

Now, sir, the thing is this: Mr. Shapely is the prettiest gentleman about town. He is very tall, but not too tall neither. He dances like an angel. His mouth is made I do not know how, but it is the prettiest that I ever saw in my life. He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of wit.

If you did but see how he rolls his stockings! He has a thousand pretty fancies; and I am sure, if you saw him, you would like him. He is a very good scholar, and can talk Latin as fast as English. I wish you could but see him dance. Now, you must understand, poor Mr. Shapely has no estate; but how can he help that, you know? And yet my friends are so unreasonable as to be always teasing me about him, because he has no estate; but I am sure he has that that is better than an estate; for he is a good-natured, ingenious, modest, civil, tall, well-bred, handsome man; and I am obliged to him for his civilities ever since I saw him. I forgot to tell you that he has black eyes, and looks upon me now and then as if he had tears in them; and yet my friends are so unreasonable that they would have me be uncivil to him. I have a good portion which they can not hinder me of; and I shall be fourteen on the 29th day of August next; and I am therefore willing to settle in the world as soon as I can, and so is Mr. Shapely. But every body I advise with here is poor Mr. Shapely's enemy. I desire therefore you will give me your advice, for I know you are a wise man; and if you advise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance; and am, sir, your most humble servant,

B. D.

'He loves your Spectators mightily.'

C.

No. 476. FRIDAY, SEPT. 5. *By Addison.*

—*Lucidus ordo.*
Method.

HOR. Ars. Poet. v. 41.

AMONG my daily papers which I bestow on the public there are some which are written with regularity and method, and others that run out into the wildness of those compositions which go by the name of *essays*. As for the first, I have the whole scheme of the discourse in my mind before I set pen to paper. In the other kind of writing, it is sufficient that I have several thoughts on a subject, without troubling myself to range them in such order, that they may seem to grow out of one another, and be disposed under the proper heads. Seneca and Montaigne are patterns for writing in this last kind, as Tully and Aristotle excel in the other. When I read an author of genius, who writes without method, I fancy myself in a wood that abounds with a great many noble objects, rising among one another in the greatest confusion and disorder. When I read a methodical discourse, I am in a regular plantation, and can place myself in its several centres, so as to take a view of all the lines and walks that are struck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole day together, and every moment discover something or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will have but a confused imperfect notion of the place: in the other your eyes command the whole prospect, and gives you such an idea of it as is not easily worn out of the memory.

Irregularity and want of method are only supportable in men of great learning and genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of stringing them.

Method is of advantage to a work, both in respect to the writer and the reader. In regard to the first, it is a great help to his invention. When a man has planned his discourse, he finds a great many thoughts rising out of every head, that do not offer themselves upon the general survey of a subject. His thoughts are at the same time more intelligible, and better discover their drift and meaning, when they are placed in their proper lights, and follow one another in a regular series, than when they are thrown together without order and connexion. There is always an obscurity in confusion; and the same sentence that would have enlightened the reader in one part of the discourse perplexes him in another. For the same reason likewise every thought in a methodical discourse shows itself in its greatest beauty, as the several figures in a piece of painting receive new grace from their disposition in the picture. The advantages of a reader from a methodical discourse are correspondent with those of the writer. He comprehends every thing easily, takes it in with pleasure, and retains it long.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary conversation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himself understood. I, who hear a thousand coffee-house debates every day, am very sensible of this want of method in the thoughts

of my honest countrymen. There is not one dispute in ten which is managed in those schools of politics, where, after the three first sentences, the question is not entirely lost. Our disputants put me in mind of the scuttle-fish, that, when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens all the water about him till he becomes invisible. The man who does not know how to methodise his thoughts, has always, to borrow a phrase from the dispensary, *a barren superfluity of words*; the fruit is lost amidst the exuberance of leaves.

Tom Puzzle is one of the most eminent immethodical disputants of any that has fallen under my observation. Tom has read enough to make him very impertinent; his knowledge is sufficient to raise doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has so much learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With these qualifications Tom sets up for a freethinker, finds a great many things to blame in the constitution of his country and gives shrewd intimations that he does not believe another world. In short, Puzzle is an atheist as much as his parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen commonplace topics, into which he never fails to turn the conversation, whatever was the occasion of it; though the matter in debate be about Doway or Denain, it is ten to one but half his discourse runs upon the unreasonableness of bigotry and priestcraft. This makes Mr. Puzzle the admiration of all those who have less sense than himself, and the contempt of all those who have more. There is none in town whom Tom dreads so much as my friend Will Dry. Will, who is acquainted with Tom's logic, when he finds him running off the

question, cuts him short with a What then? We allow all this to be true, but what is it to our present purpose? I have known Tom eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the superiority of the argument, when he has been nonplussed on a sudden by Mr. Dry's desiring him to tell the company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In short, Dry is a man of a clear methodical head, but few words, and gains the same advantages over Puzzle, that a small body of regular troops would gain over a numberless undisciplined militia. C.

No. 477. SATURDAY, SEPT. 6. *By Addison.*

— *An me ludit amabilis
Insania? audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.*

HOR.

— Does airy fancy cheat
My mind, well pleas'd with the deceit?
I seem to hear, I seem to move,
And wander through the happy grove,
Where smooth springs flow, and murm'ring breeze,
Wantons through the waving trees. CREECH.

' SIR,

' HAVING lately read your essay on the pleasures of the imagination, I was so taken with your thoughts upon some of our English gardens, that I can not forbear troubling you with a letter upon that subject. I am one, you must know, who am looked upon as an humourist in gardening. I have several acres about my house, which I call my

garden; and which a skilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower garden, which lie so mixed and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner who had seen nothing of our country should be conveyed into my garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderness, and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My flowers grow up in several parts of the garden in the greatest luxuriance and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a stranger walks with me, he is surprised to see several large spots of ground covered with ten thousand different colours, and has often singled out flowers that he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or in a meadow, as some of the greatest beauties of the place. The only method I observe in this particular, is to range in the same quarter the products of the same season, that they may make their appearance together, and compose a picture of the greatest variety. There is the same irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wilderness as their natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the soil, and am pleased when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next tree I shall meet with is an apple or an oak, an elm or a pear-tree. My kitchen has likewise its particular quarters assigned it; for besides the wholesome luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a kitchen garden a more pleasant sight

than the finest orangery, or artificial greenhouse. I love to see every thing in its perfection, and am more pleased to survey my rows of colworts and cabbages, with a thousand nameless pot-herbs, springing up in their full fragrancy and verdure, than to see the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit that there is a fountain rising in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and administers to the pleasure as well as to the plenty of the place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my plantations; and have taken particular care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an open field, so that it generally passes through banks of violets and primroses, plats of willow, and other plants, that seem to be of its own producing. There is another circumstance in which I am very particular, or, as my neighbours call me, very whimsical: as my garden invites into it all the birds of the country, by offering them the conveniency of springs and shades, solitude and shelter, I do not suffer any one to destroy their nests in the spring, or drive them from their usual haunts in fruit time. I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs. By this means I have always the music of the season in its perfection, and am highly delighted to see the jay or the thrush hopping about my walks, and shooting before my eyes across the several little glades and alleys that I pass through. I think there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower-gardens are

epigrammatists and sonneteers in this art: contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades, are romance writers. Wise and London are our heroic poets; and if, as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations lying so conveniently under the eyes of the beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees rising one higher than another in proportion as they approach the centre. A spectator who has not heard this account of it would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who has walked in this garden, who was not struck with that part of it which I have here mentioned. As for myself, you will find, by the account which I have already given you, that my compositions in gardening are altogether after the Pindaric manner, and run into the beautiful wildness of nature, without affecting the nicer elegancies of art. What I am now going to mention will, perhaps, deserve your attention more than any thing I have yet said. I find that in the

discourse which I spoke of at the beginning of my letter, you are against filling an English garden with evergreens: and indeed I am so far of your opinion, that I can by no means think the verdure of an evergreen comparable to that which shoots out annually, and clothes our trees in the summer season. But I have often wondered that those who are like myself, and love to live in gardens, have never thought of contriving a winter-garden, which would consist of such trees only as never cast their leaves. We have very often little snatches of sunshine and fair weather in the most uncomfortable parts of the year, and have frequently several days in November and January that are as agreeable as any in the finest months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleasure, than to walk in such a winter-garden as I have proposed. In the summer season the whole country blooms, and is a kind of garden, for which reason we are not so sensible of those beauties that at this time may be every where met with; but when nature is in her desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren prospects, there is something unspeakably cheerful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees that smile amidst all the rigour of winter, and give us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy. I have so far indulged myself in this thought, that I have set apart a whole acre of ground for the executing of it. The walls are covered with ivy instead of vines. The laurel, and bay-tree, and the holly, with many other trees and plants of the same nature, grow so thick in it, that you can not imagine a more lively scene. The

glowing redness of the berries with which they are hung at this time, vies with the verdure of their leaves, and are apt to inspire the heart of the beholder with that vernal delight, which you have somewhere taken notice of in your former papers. It is very pleasant at the same time, to see the several kinds of birds retiring into this little green spot, and enjoying themselves among the branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I have before mentioned to you, does not afford a single leaf for their shelter, (No. 393.)

‘You must know, sir, that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden, as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I can not but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous habit of mind. For all which reasons I hope you will pardon the length of my present letter. I am, sir, &c.’

C.

No. 478. MONDAY, SEPT. 8. *By Steele.*

— *Usus,*

Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma— HOR.

Fashion, the arbiter, and rule of right.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘It happened lately, that a friend of mine, who had many things to buy for his family, would oblige me to walk with him to the shops. He was very nice in his way, and fond of having every thing shown, which at first made me very uneasy; but as his humour still continued, the things which I had been staring at along with him began to fill my head, and led me into a set of amusing thoughts concerning them.

‘I fancied it must be very surprising to any one who enters into a detail of fashions to consider how far the vanity of mankind has laid itself out in dress, what a prodigious number of people it maintains, and what a circulation of money it occasions. Providence in this case makes use of the folly which we will not give up, and it becomes instrumental to the support of those who are willing to labour. Hence it is, that fringe-makers, lace-men, tire-women, and a number of other trades, which would be useless in a simple state of nature, draw their subsistence; though it is seldom seen that such as these are extremely rich, because their original fault of being founded upon vanity keeps them poor by the light inconstancy of its nature. The variableness of fashion turns the stream of business which flows from it now into one channel, and anon into another; so that

the different sets of people sink or flourish in their turns by it.

‘From the shops we retired to the tavern; where I found my friend express so much satisfaction for the bargains he had made, that my moral reflections (if I had told them) might have passed for a reproof; so I chose rather to fall in with him, and let the discourse run upon the use of fashions.

‘Here we remembered how much man is governed by his senses, how lively he is struck by the objects which appear to him in an agreeable manner, how much clothes contribute to make us agreeable objects, and how much we owe it to ourselves that we should appear so.

‘We considered man as belonging to societies; societies as formed of different ranks; and different ranks distinguished by habits, that all proper duty or respect might attend their appearance.

‘We took notice of several advantages which are met with in the occurrences of conversation. How the bashful man has been sometimes so raised, as to express himself with an air of freedom, when he imagines that his habit introduces him to company with a becoming manner: and again, how a fool, in fine clothes, shall be suddenly heard with attention till he has betrayed himself; whereas a man of sense appearing with a dress of negligence shall be but coldly received, till he be proved by time, and established in a character. Such things as these we could recollect to have happened to our own knowledge so very often, that we concluded the author had his

reasons, who advises his son to go in dress rather above his fortune than under it. (a)

‘ At last the subject seemed so considerable, that it was proposed to have a repository built for fashions, as there are chambers for medals and other rarities. The building may be shaped as that which stands among the pyramids, in the form of a woman’s head. (b) This may be raised upon pillars, whose ornaments shall bear a just relation to the design. Thus there may be an imitation of fringe carved in the base, a sort of appearance of lace in the frize, and a representation of curling locks, with bows of ribbon sloping over them, may fill up the work of the cornice. The inside may be divided into two apartments appropriated to each sex. The apartments may be filled with shelves, on which boxes are to stand as regularly as books in a library. These are to have folding doors, which being opened you are to behold a baby dressed out in some fashion which has flourished, and standing upon a pedestal, where the time of its reign is marked down. For its farther regulation, let it be ordered, that every one who invents a fashion shall bring in his box, whose front he may at pleasure have either worked or painted with some amorous or gay device, that, like books with gilded leaves and covers, it may the sooner draw the eyes of the beholders. And to the end that these may be preserved with all due care, let there be a keeper appointed, who shall be a gentleman qualified with a competent knowledge in clothes; so that by this means the place will be a comfortable support for some beau who has spent his estate in dressing.

‘The reasons offered by which we expect to gain the approbation of the public, were as follows:

‘*First*, That every one who is considerable enough to be a mode, and has any imperfection of nature or chance, which it is possible to hide by the advantage of clothes, may, by coming to this repository, be furnished herself, and furnish all who are under the same misfortune, with the most agreeable manner of concealing it: and that on the other side, every one who has any beauty in face or shape, may also be furnished with the most agreeable manner of showing it.

‘*Secondly*, That whereas some of our young gentlemen who travel, give us great reason to suspect that they only go abroad to make or improve a fancy for dress, a project of this nature may be a means to keep them at home; which is in effect the keeping of so much money in the kingdom. And perhaps the balance of fashion in Europe, which now leans upon the side of France, may be so altered for the future, that it may become as common with Frenchmen to come to England for their finishing stroke of breeding, as it has been for Englishmen to go to France for it.

‘*Thirdly*, Whereas several great scholars, who might have been otherwise useful to the world, have spent their time in studying to describe the dresses of the ancients from dark hints, which they are fain to interpret and support with much learning; it will from henceforth happen that they shall be freed from the trouble, and the world from useless volumes. This project will be a registry, to which posterity may have recourse,

for the clearing of such obscure passages as tend that way in authors; and therefore we shall not for the future submit ourselves to the learning of etymology, which might persuade the age to come, that the farthingale was worn for cheapness, or the furbelow for warmth.

‘*Fourthly*, Whereas they who are old themselves, have often a way of railing at the extravagance of youth, and the whole age in which their children live, it is hoped that this ill-humour will be much suppressed, when we can have recourse to the fashions of their times, produce them in our vindication, and be able to show that it might have been as expensive in queen Elizabeth’s time only to wash and quill a ruff, as it is now to buy cravats or neck-handkerchiefs.

‘We desire also to have it taken notice of, that because we would show a particular respect to foreigners, which may induce them to perfect their breeding here in a knowledge which is very proper for pretty gentlemen, we have conceived the motto for the house in the learned language. There is to be a picture over the door with a looking-glass and a dressing-chair in the middle of it: then on one side are to be seen, above one another, patch-boxes, pin-cushions, and little bottles; in the other, powder-bags, puffs, combs, and brushes; beyond these, swords with fine knots, whose points are wooden; and fans almost closed, with the handles downward, are to stand out interchangeably from the sides, till they meet at the top, and form a semicircle over the rest of the figures; beneath all, the writing is to run in this pretty sounding manner:

*Adeste, O quotquot sunt, Veneres, Gratia, Cupidines,
En vobis adsunt in promptu
Faces, vincula, spicula;
Hinc elegite, sumite, regite.*

All ye Venuses, Graces, and Cupids, attend:
See prepar'd to your hands
Darts, torches, and bands:
Your weapons here choose, and your empire extend.

‘I am, sir, your most humble servant,
‘A. B.’

The proposal of my correspondent I can not but look upon as an ingenious method of placing persons (whose parts make them ambitious to exert themselves in frivolous things) in a rank by themselves. In order to this, I would propose that there be a board of directors of the fashionable society; and because it is a matter of too much weight for a private man to determine alone, I should be highly obliged to my correspondents if they would give in lists of persons qualified for this trust. If the chief coffee-houses, the conversations of which places are carried on by persons, each of whom has his little number of followers and admirers, would name from among themselves two or three to be inserted, they should be put up with great faithfulness. Old beaux are to be presented in the first place; but as that sect, with relation to dress, is almost extinct, it will, I fear, be absolutely necessary to take in all time-servers, properly so deemed; that is, such as, without any conviction of conscience, or view of interest, change with the world, and that merely from a terror of being out of fashion. Such also, who, from facility of temper, and too much ob-

sequiousness, are vicious against their will, and follow leaders whom they do not approve, for want of courage to go their own way, are capable persons for this superintendency. Those who are loth to grow old, or would do any thing contrary to the course and order of things, out of fondness to be in fashion, are proper candidates. To conclude, those who are in fashion without apparent merit, must be supposed to have latent qualities, which would appear in a post of direction, and therefore are to be regarded in forming these lists. Any who shall be pleased according to these, or what further qualifications may occur to himself, to send a list, is desired to do it within fourteen days after this date.

N. B. The place of the physician to this society, according to the last mentioned qualification, is already engaged. T.

No. 479. TUESDAY, SEPT. 9. *By Steele.*

— *Dare jura maritis.*

HOR.

To regulate the matrimonial life.

MANY are the epistles I every day receive from husbands, who complain of vanity, pride, but above all, ill-nature, in their wives. I can not tell how it is, but I think I see in all their letters that the cause of their uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married condition unhappy, but for want of judgment or temper in the man. The truth is, we generally make love in a style, and with sentiments very

unfit for ordinary life; they are half theatrical, half romantic. By this means we raise our imaginations to what is not to be expected in human life; and because we did not beforehand think of the creature we were enamoured of as subject to dishonour, age, sickness, impatience, or sullenness, but altogether considered her as the object of joy, human nature itself is often imputed to her as her particular imperfection or defect.

I take it to be a rule proper to be observed in all occurrences of life, but more especially in the domestic or matrimonial part of it, to preserve always a disposition to be pleased. This can not be supported but by considering things in their right light, and as nature has formed them, and not as our own fancies or appetites would have them. He then who took a young lady to his bed with no other consideration than the expectation of scenes of dalliance, and thought of her (as I said before) only as she was to administer to the gratification of desire, as that desire flags, will, without her fault, think her charms and her merit abated: from hence must follow indifference, dislike, peevishness, and rage. But the man who brings his reason to support his passion, and beholds what he loves as liable to all the calamities of human life both in body and mind, and even at the best, what must bring upon him new cares and new relations; such a lover, I say, will form himself accordingly, and adapt his mind to the nature of his circumstances. This latter person will be prepared to be a father, a friend, an advocate, a steward for people yet unborn, and has proper affections ready for every incident in the marriage state. Such a man can hear the cries of

children with pity instead of anger; and when they run over his head he is not disturbed at their noise, but is glad of their mirth and health. Tom Trusty has told me, that he thinks it doubles his attention to the most intricate affair he is about, to hear his children, for whom all his cares are applied, make a noise in the next room; on the other side, Will Sparkish can not put on his periwig, or adjust his cravat at the glass, for the noise of these damned nurses and squalling brats; and then ends with a gallant reflection upon the comforts of matrimony, runs out of the hearing, and drives to the chocolate house.

According as the husband is disposed in himself, every circumstance of his life is to give him torment or pleasure. When the affection is well placed, and supported by the considerations of duty, honour, and friendship, which are in the highest degree engaged in this alliance, there can nothing arise in the common course of life, or from the blows or favours of fortune, in which a man will not find matter of some delight unknown to a single condition.

He who sincerely loves his wife and family, and studies to improve that affection in himself, conceives pleasure from the most indifferent things; while the married man who has not bid adieu to the fashions and false gallantries of the town, is perplexed with every thing around him. In both these cases men can not indeed make a sillier figure than in repeating such pleasures and pains to the rest of the world; but I speak of them only as they sit upon those who are involved in them. As I visit all sorts of people, I can not indeed but smile when the good lady tells her hus-

band what extraordinary things the child spoke since he went out. No longer than yesterday I was prevailed with to go home with a fond husband; and his wife told him, that his son, of his own head, when the clock in the parlour struck two, said, papa would come home to dinner presently. While the father has him in a rapture in his arms, and is drowning him with kisses, the wife tells me he is but just four years old. Then they both struggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his observation of two o'clock. I was called upon, by looks upon the child, and then at me, to say something: and I told the father, that this remark of the infant of his coming home, and joining the time with it, was a certain indication that he would be a great historian and chronologer. They are neither of them fools, yet received my compliment with great acknowledgment of my prescience. I fared very well at dinner, and heard many other notable sayings of their heir, which would have given very little entertainment to one less turned to reflection than I was: but it was a pleasing speculation to remark on the happiness of a life, in which things of no moment give occasion of hope, self-satisfaction, and triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-natured coxcomb, who has hardly improved in any thing but bulk, for want of this disposition, silence the whole family, as a set of silly women and children, for recounting things which were really above his own capacity.

When I say all this, I can not deny but there are perverse jades that fall to men's lots, with whom it requires more than common proficiency in philosophy to be able to live. When these are

joined to men of warm spirits, without temper or learning, they are frequently corrected with stripes: but one of our famous lawyers is of opinion, that this ought to be used sparingly; as I remember, those are his very words; but as it is proper to draw some spiritual use out of all afflictions, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with women of spirit, to form themselves for the world by patience at home. Socrates, who is by all accounts the undoubted head of the sect of the *hen-pecked*, owned and acknowledged that he owed great part of his virtue to the exercise which his useful wife constantly gave it. There are several good instructions may be drawn from his wise answers to people of less fortitude than himself on this subject. A friend, with indignation, asked how so good a man could live with so violent a creature? He observed to him, 'that they who learn to keep a good seat on horseback, mount the least manageable they can get, and when they have mastered them, they are sure never to be discomfited on the backs of steeds less restive.' At several times, to different persons on the same subject, he has said, 'my dear friend, you are beholden to Xantippe that I bear so well your flying out in a dispute.' To another, 'my hen clacks very much, but she brings me chickens. They that live in a trading street are not disturbed at the passage of carts.' I would have, if possible, a wise man be contented with his lot, even with a shrew; for though he can not make her better, he may, you see, make himself better by her means.

• But instead of pursuing my design of displaying conjugal love in its natural beauties and at-

tractions, I am got into tales to the disadvantage of that state of life. I must say, therefore, that I am verily persuaded, that whatever is delightful in human life, is to be enjoyed in greater perfection in the married than in the single condition. He that hath this passion in perfection, in occasions of joy can say to himself, besides his own satisfaction, How happy will this make my wife and children? Upon occurrences of distress or danger, can comfort himself, But all this while my wife and children are safe. There is something in it that doubles satisfactions, because others participate them; and dispels afflictions, because others are exempt from them. All who are married without this relish of their circumstances, are in either a tasteless indolence and negligence, which is hardly to be attained, or else live in the hourly repetition of sharp answers, eager upbraidings, and distracting reproaches. In a word, the married state, with and without the affection suitable to it, is the completest image of heaven and hell we are capable of receiving in this life.

T.

No. 480. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 10. *By Steele.*

From the Letter-Box.

*Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
Fortis, et in seipso totus teres, atque rotundus.*

HOR.

Who's proof against the charms of vain delight:
Whom feeble fortune strives in vain to wound,
So closely gather'd in a perfect round.

CREECH.

THE other day looking over those old manuscripts, of which I have formerly given some account, and which relate to the character of the mighty Pharamond of France, and the close friendship between him and his friend Eucrate; I found among the letters which had been in the custody of the latter, an epistle from a country gentleman to Pharamond, wherein he excuses himself from coming to court. The gentleman, it seems, was contented with his condition, had formerly been in the king's service; but at the writing the following letter, had, from leisure and reflection, quite another sense of things than that which he had in the more active part of his life.

Monsieur Chezluy to Pharamond.

' DREAD SIR,

' I have from your own hand (enclosed under the cover of Mr. Eucrate, of your majesty's bed-chamber,) a letter which invites me to court. I understand this great honour to be done me out of respect and inclination to me, rather than regard to your own service: for which reason I beg leave to lay before your majesty my reasons for declining to depart from home; and will not doubt

but, as your motive in desiring my attendance was to make me a happier man, when you think that will not be effected by my remove, you will permit me to stay where I am. Those who have an ambition to appear in courts, have either an opinion that their persons or their talents are particularly formed for the service or ornament of that place; or else are hurried by downright desire of gain, or what they call honour, to take upon themselves whatever the generosity of their master can give them opportunities to grasp at. But your goodness shall not be thus imposed upon by me. I will therefore confess to you, that frequent solitude, and long conversation with such who know no arts which polish life, have made me the plainest creature in your dominions. Those less capacities of moving with a good grace, bearing a ready affability to all around me, and acting with ease before many, have quite left me. I am come to that, with regard to my person, that I consider it only as a machine I am obliged to take care of, in order to enjoy my soul in its faculties with alacrity; well remembering, that this habitation of clay will in a few years be a meaner piece of earth than any utensil about my house. When this is, as it really is, the most frequent reflection I have, you will easily imagine how well I should become a drawing-room: add to this, what shall a man without desires do about the generous Pharamond; Monsieur Eucrate has hinted to me, that you have thoughts of distinguishing me with titles. As for myself, in the temper of my present mind, appellations of honour would but embarrass discourse, and new behaviour towards me perplex me in every habi-

tude of life. I am also to acknowledge to you that my children, of whom your majesty condescended to inquire, are all of them mean, both in their persons and genius. The estate my eldest son is heir to is more than he can enjoy with a good grace. My self-love will not carry me so far as to impose upon mankind the advancement of persons (merely for their being related to me) into high distinctions, who ought for their own sakes, as well as that of the public, to affect obscurity. I wish, my generous prince, as it is in your power to give honours and offices, it were also to give talents suitable to them: were it so, the noble Pharamond would reward the zeal of my youth with abilities to do him service in my age.

‘Those who accept of favour without merit, support themselves in it at the expense of your majesty. Give me leave to tell you, sir, this is the reason that we in the country hear so often repeated the word *prerogative*. That part of your law which is reserved in yourself, for the readier service and good of the public, slight men are eternally buzzing in our ears to cover their own follies and miscarriages. It would be an addition to the high favour you have done me, if you would let Eucrate send me word how often and in what cases you allow a constable to insist upon the prerogative. From the highest to the lowest officer in your dominions, something of their own carriage they would exempt from examination under the shelter of the word *prerogative*. I would fain, most noble Pharamond, see one of your officers assert your prerogative by good and gracious actions. When is it used to help the afflict-

ed, to rescue the innocent, to comfort the stranger? Uncommon methods, apparently undertaken to attain worthy ends, would never make power invidious. You see, sir, I talk to you with the freedom your noble nature approves in all whom you admit to your conversation.

‘But, to return to your majesty’s letter, I humbly conceive, that all distinctions are useful to men only as they are to act in public; and it would be a romantic madness for a man to be a lord in his closet. Nothing can be honourable to a man apart from the world but the reflection upon worthy actions; and he that places honour in a consciousness of well doing, will have but little relish for any outward homage that is paid him, since what gives him distinction to himself, can not come within the observation of his beholders. Thus all the words of lordship, honour, and grace, are only repetitions to a man, that the king has ordered him to be called so; but no evidences that there is any thing in himself that would give the man who applies to him those ideas, without the creation of his master.

‘I have, most noble Pharamond, all honours and all titles in your own approbation: I triumph in them as they are your gift; I refuse them as they are to give me the observation of others. Indulge me, my noble master, in this chastity of renown; let me know myself in the favour of Pharamond; and look down upon the applause of the people. I am, in all duty and loyalty, your majesty’s most obedient subject and servant,

‘JEAN CHEZLUY.’

' SIR,

' I need not tell with what disadvantages men of low fortunes and great modesty come into the world; what wrong measures their diffidence of themselves, and fear of offending, often obliges them to take; and what a pity it is that their greatest virtues and qualities, that should soonest recommend them, are the main obstacle in the way of their preferment.

' This, sir, is my case; I was bred at a country-school, where I learned Latin and Greek. The misfortunes of my family forced me up to town, where a profession of the politer sort has protected me against infamy and want. I am now clerk to a lawyer, and in times of vacancy and recess from business have made myself master of Italian and French; and though the progress I have made in my business has gained me reputation enough for one of my standing, yet my mind suggests to me every day that it is not upon that foundation I am to build my fortune.

' The person I have my present dependence upon, has it in his nature, as well as in his power, to advance me, by recommending me to a gentleman that is going beyond sea in a public employment. I know the printing this letter would point me out to those I want confidence to speak to; and I hope it is not in your power to refuse making any body happy. Yours, &c.

September 9, 1712.

' M. D.'

T.

No. 481. THURSDAY, SEPT. 11. *By Addison.*

—— *Uti non*

*Compositus melius cum Bitho Bacchius: in jus
Acres procurrunt:——*

HOR.

No better match'd with Bithus, Bacchius strove:
To law they run, and wrangling dearly love.

It is something pleasant enough to consider the different notions which different persons have of the same thing. If men of low condition very often set a value on things which are not prized by those who are in a higher station of life, there are many things these esteem which are of no value among persons of an inferior rank. Common people are, in particular, very much astonished when they hear of those solemn contests and debates which are made among the great upon the punctilios of a public ceremony: and wonder to hear that any business of consequence should be retarded by those little circumstances which they represent to themselves as trifling and insignificant. I am mightily pleased with a porter's decision in one of Mr. Southern's plays, which is founded upon that fine distress of a virtuous woman's marrying a second husband while her first was yet living. The first husband, who was supposed to have been dead, returning to his house after a long absence, raises a noble perplexity for the tragic part of the play. In the meanwhile the nurse and the porter conferring upon the difficulties that would ensue in such a case, honest Samson thinks the matter may be easily decided, and solves it very judiciously, by

the old proverb, that if his first master be still living, *the man must have his mare again*. There is nothing in my time which has so much surprised and confounded the greatest part of my honest countrymen, as the present controversy between count Rechteren and monsieur Mesnager, which employs the wise heads of so many nations, and holds all the affairs of Europe in suspense.

Upon my going into a coffee-house yesterday, and lending an ear to the next table, which was encompassed with a circle of inferior politicians, one of them, after having read over the news very attentively, broke out into the following remarks. I am afraid, says he, this unhappy rupture between the footmen at Utrecht will retard the peace of Christendom. I wish the pope may not be at the bottom of it. His holiness has a very good hand at fomenting a division, as the poor Swiss cantons have lately experienced to their cost. If monsieur What-d'ye-call-him's domestics will not come to an accommodation, I do not know how the quarrel can be ended but by a religious war.

Why truly, says a wiseacre that sat by him, were I as the king of France, I would scorn to take part with the footmen of either side; here's all the business of Europe stands still, because monsieur Mesnager's man has had his head broke. If count Rectrum had given them a pot of ale after it, all would have been well, without any of this bustle; but they say he is a warm man, and does not care to be made mouths at.

Upon this, one, that had held his tongue hitherto, began to exert himself; declaring, that he was

very well pleased the plenipotentaries of our christian princes took this matter into their serious consideration; for that lackeys were never so saucy and pragmatrical as they are now-a-days, and that he should be glad to see them taken down in the treaty of peace, if it might be done without prejudice to the public affairs.

One who sat at the other end of the table, and seemed to be in the interest of the French king, told them, that they did not take the matter right, for that his most christian majesty did not resent this matter, because it was an injury done to monsieur Mesnager's footmen; for, says he, what are monsieur Mesnager's footmen to him? but because it was done to his subjects. Now, says he, let me tell you, it would look very odd for a subject of France to have a bloody nose, and his sovereign not to take notice of it. He is obliged in honour to defend his people against hostilities; and if the Dutch will be so insolent to a crowned head, as in any wise to cuff or kick those who are under *his* protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an account for it.

This distinction set the controversy upon a new foot, and seemed to be very well approved by most that heard it, till a little warm fellow, who declared himself a friend to the house of Austria, fell most unmercifully upon his Gallic majesty, as encouraging his subjects to make mouths at their betters, and afterwards screening them from the punishment that was due to their insolence. To which he added, that the French nation was so addicted to grimace, that if there was not a stop put to it at the general congress, there would be no walking the streets for them in a time of

peace, especially if they continued masters of the West Indies. The little man proceeded with a great deal of warmth, declaring, that, if the allies were of his mind, he would oblige the French king to burn his galleys, and tolerate the protestant religion in his dominions, before he would sheath his sword. He concluded with calling monsieur Mesnager an insignificant prig.

The dispute was now growing very warm; and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young man of about one-and-twenty, who seems to have been brought up with an eye to the law, taken the debate into his hand, and given it as his opinion, that neither count Rechteren nor monsieur Mesnager had behaved themselves right in this affair. Count Rechteren, says he, should have made affidavit that his servants had been affronted, and then monsieur Mesnager would have done him justice by taking away their liveries from them, or some other way that he might have thought the most proper; for let me tell you, if a man makes a mouth at me, I am not to knock the teeth out of it for his pains. Then again, as for monsieur Mesnager, upon his servants being beaten, why! he might have had his action of assault and battery. But, as the case now stands, if you will have my opinion, I think they ought to bring it to referees.

I heard a great deal more of this conference, but I must confess with little edification; for all I could learn at last from these honest gentlemen was, that the matter in debate was of too high a nature for such heads as theirs or mine to comprehend.

O.

No. 482. FRIDAY, SEPT. 12. *By Addison.*

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant. LUCR.

As from the sweetest flow'rs the lab'ring bee
Extracts her precious sweets. CREECH.

WHEN I have published any single paper that falls in with the popular taste, and pleases more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of letters. My Tuesday's discourse, wherein I gave several admonitions to the fraternity of the *hen-pecked*, has already produced me very many correspondents; the reason I can not guess, unless it be that such a discourse is of general use, and every married man's money. An honest tradesman, who dates his letter from Cheapside, sends me thanks in the name of a club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their wives will give them leave, and stay together till they are sent for home. He informs me, that my paper has administered great consolation to their whole club, and desires me to give some further account of Socrates, and to acquaint them in whose reign he lived, whether he was a citizen or a courtier, whether he buried Xantippe, with many other particulars; for that by his sayings he appears to have been a very wise man, and a good christian. Another, who writes himself Benjamin Bamboo, tells me, that being coupled with a shrew, he had endeavoured to tame her by such lawful means as those which I mentioned in my last Tuesday's paper, and that in his wrath he had often gone further than Bracton allows in those cases; but that for the future he was resolved to bear it like

a man of temper and learning, and consider her only as one who lives in his house to teach him philosophy. Tom Dapperwit says, that he agrees with me in that whole discourse, excepting only the last sentence, where I affirm the married state to be either a heaven or a hell. Tom has been at the charge of a penny upon this occasion, to tell me, that by his experience it is neither one nor the other, but rather that middle kind of state, commonly known by the name of purgatory.

The fair sex have likewise obliged me with their reflections upon the same discourse. A lady, who calls herself Euterpe, and seems a woman of letters, asks me, whether I am for establishing the Salic law in every family, and why it is not fit that a woman who has discretion and learning should sit at the helm, when the husband is weak and illiterate? Another of a quite contrary character, subscribes herself Xantippe, and tells me, that she follows the example of her namesake; for being married to a bookish man, who has no knowledge of the world, she is forced to take their affairs into her own hands, and to spirit him up now and then, that he may not grow musty, and unfit for conversation.

After this abridgment of some letters which are come to my hands upon this occasion, I shall publish one of them at large.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You have given us a lively picture of that kind of husband who comes under the denomination of the *hen-pecked*: but I do not remember that you have ever touched upon one that is of the quite different character, and who, in several places of

England, goes by the name of a *cot-quean*. I have the misfortune to be joined for life with one of this character, who in reality is more a woman than I am. He was bred up under the tuition of a tender mother, till she had made him as good a housewife as herself. He could preserve apricots, and make jellies, before he had been two years out of the nursery. He was never suffered to go abroad for fear of catching cold; when he should have been hunting down a buck, he was by his mother's side learning how to season it, or put it in crust; and was making paper boats with his sisters, at an age when other young gentlemen are crossing the seas, or travelling into foreign countries. He has the whitest hand that you ever saw in your life, and raises paste better than any woman in England. These qualifications make him a sad husband: he is perpetually in the kitchen, and has a thousand squabbles with the cook-maid. He is better acquainted with the milk-score than his steward's accounts. I fret to death when I hear him find fault with a dish that is not dressed to his liking, and instructing his friends that dine with him in the best pickle for a walnut, or sauce for a haunch of venison. With all this, he is a very good natured husband, and never fell out with me in his life, but once, upon the over roasting of a dish of wild-fowl: at the same time I must own, I would rather he was a man of a rough temper, that would treat me harshly sometimes, than of such an effeminate busy nature in a province that does not belong to him. Since you have given us the character of a wife who wears the breeches, pray say something of a husband that wears the petticoats. Why

should not a female character be as ridiculous in a man, as a male character in one of our sex. I am, &c ' O.

No. 483. SATURDAY, SEPT. 13. *By Addison.*

*Nec deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit*——

HOR. ARS POET. v. 191.

Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god.

ROSCOMMON.

WE can not be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableness, than to interpret the afflictions which befall our neighbours as *punishments* and *judgments*. It aggravates the evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the mark of divine vengeance, and abates the compassion of those towards him, who regard him in so dreadful a light. This humour of turning every misfortune into a judgment, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which, in its own nature, produces good-will towards men, and puts the mildest construction upon every accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not religion that sours a man's temper, but it is his temper that sours his religion: people of gloomy uncheerful imaginations, or of envious malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will discover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words, and actions. As the finest wines have often the taste of the soil, so even the most religious thoughts often draw something that is particular from the constitution

of the mind in which they arise. When folly or superstition strike in with his natural depravity of temper, it is not in the power, even of religion itself, to preserve the character of the person who is possessed with it from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

An old maiden gentlewoman, whom I shall conceal under the name of Nemesis, is the greatest discoverer of judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what sin it was that set such a man's house on fire, or blew down his barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young lady that lost her beauty by the small-pox, she fetches a deep sigh, and tells you, that when she had a fine face, she was always looking on it in her glass. Tell her of a piece of good fortune that has befallen one of her acquaintance, and she wishes it may prosper with her; but her mother used one of her nieces very barbarously. Her usual remarks turn upon people who had great estates, but never enjoyed them, by reason of some flaw in their own or their fathers' behaviour. She can give you the reason why such a one died childless; why such a one was cut off in the flower of his youth; why such a one was unhappy in her marriage; why one broke his leg on such a particular spot of ground; and why another was killed with a back-sword rather than with any other kind of weapon. She has a crime for every misfortune that can befall any of her acquaintance; and when she hears of a robbery that has been made, or a murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the suffering person, than on that of the thief or assassin. In short, she is so good a christian, that whatever happens to herself is a trial, and

whatever happens to her neighbours is a judgment.

The very description of this folly, in ordinary life, is sufficient to expose it; but when it appears in a pomp and dignity of style, it is very apt to amuse and terrify the mind of the reader. Herodotus and Plutarch very often apply their judgments as impertinently as the old woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the folly itself appear venerable. Indeed, most historians, as well christian as pagan, have fallen into this idle superstition, and spoken of ill success, unforeseen disasters, and terrible events, as if they had been let into the secrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private conduct by which the world is governed. One would think several of our own historians in particular had many revelations of this kind made to them. Our old English monks seldom let any of their kings depart in peace, who had endeavoured to diminish the power or wealth of which the ecclesiastics were in those times possessed. William the conqueror's race generally found their judgments in the new forest, where their fathers had pulled down churches and monasteries. In short, read one of the chronicles written by an author of this frame of mind, and you would think you were reading an history of the kings of Israel or Judah, where the historians were actually inspired, and where by a particular scheme of Providence, the kings were distinguished by judgments or blessings, according as they promoted idolatry or the worship of the true God.

I can not but look upon this manner of judging upon misfortunes not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the person on whom they fall, but very presumptuous in regard to him who is supposed to inflict them. It is a strong argument for a state of retribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous persons are very often unfortunate, and vicious persons prosperous; which is wholly repugnant to the nature of a Being who appears infinitely wise and good in all his works, unless we may suppose that such a promiscuous and undistinguishing distribution of good and evil, which was necessary for carrying on the designs of Providence in this life, will be rectified and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that fire should fall from heaven in the ordinary course of Providence; nor when we see triumphant guilt or depressed virtue in particular persons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy arm in the defence of the one or punishment of the other. It is sufficient that there is a day set apart for the hearing and requiting of both according to their respective merits.

The folly of ascribing temporal judgments to any particular crimes may appear from several considerations. I shall only mention two: First, that, generally speaking, there is no calamity or affliction, which is supposed to have happened as a judgment to a vicious man, which does not sometimes happen to men of approved religion and virtue. When Diagoras the atheist was on board one of the Athenian ships, there arose a very violent tempest; upon which the mariners told him, that it was a just judgment upon them for having taken so impious a man on board. Diago-

ras begged them to look upon the rest of the ships that were in the same distress, and asked them whether or no Diagoras was on board every vessel in the fleet. We are all involved in the same calamities, and subject to the same accidents; and when we see any one of the species under any particular oppression, we should look upon it as arising from the common lot of human nature, rather than from the guilt of the person who suffers.

Another consideration, that may check our presumption in putting such a construction upon a misfortune, is this, that it is impossible for us to know what are calamities and what are blessings. How many accidents have passed for misfortunes, which have turned to the welfare and prosperity of the persons to whose lot they have fallen? How many disappointments have, in their consequences, saved a man from ruin? If we could look into the effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon blessings and judgments; but for a man to give his opinion of what he sees but in part, and in its beginnings, is an unjustifiable piece of rashness and folly. The story of Biton and Clitobus, which was in great reputation among the heathens (for we see it quoted by all the ancient authors, both Greek and Latin, who have written upon the immortality of the soul,) may teach us a caution in this matter. These two brothers, being the sons of a lady who was priestess to Juno, drew their mother's chariot to the temple at the time of a great solemnity, the persons being absent who by their office were to have drawn her chariot on this occasion. The mother was so transported with that instance

of filial duty, that she petitioned her goddess to bestow upon them the greatest gift that could be given to men; upon which they were both cast into a deep sleep, and the next morning found dead in the temple. This was such an event as would have been construed into a judgment, had it happened to the two brothers after an act of disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any ancient historian who had given us an account of it. O.

No. 484. MONDAY, SEPT. 15. *By Steele.*

Neque cuiquam tam statim clarum ingenium est, ut possit emergere; nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam, commendatorque contingat. PLIN. Epist.

No man's abilities are so remarkably shining, as not to stand in need of a proper opportunity, a patron, and even the praises of a friend, to recommend them to the notice of the world.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'OF all the young fellows who are in their progress through any profession, none seem to have so good a title to the protection of the men of eminence in it as the modest man, not so much because his modesty is a certain indication of his merit, as because it is a certain obstacle to the producing of it. Now, as of all professions this virtue is thought to be more particularly unnecessary in that of the law than in any other, I shall only apply myself to the relief of such who follow this profession with this disadvantage. What aggravates the matter is, that those persons who,

the better to prepare themselves for this study, have made some progress in others, have, by addicting themselves to letters, increased their natural modesty, and consequently heightened the obstruction to this sort of preferment; so that every one of these may emphatically be said to be such a one as *laboureth and taketh pains; and is still the more behind*. It may be a matter worth discussing then, why that which made a youth so amiable to the ancients, should make him appear so ridiculous to the moderns? And why, in our days, there should be neglect and even oppression of young beginners, instead of that protection which was the pride of theirs? In the profession spoken of, it is obvious to every one whose attendance is required at Westminster-hall, with what difficulty a youth of any modesty has been permitted to make an observation, that could in nowise detract from the merit of his elders, and is absolutely necessary for the advancing his own. I have often seen one of these not only molested in his utterance of something very pertinent, but even plundered of his question, and by a strong serjeant shouldered out of his rank, which he has recovered with much difficulty and confusion. Now, as great part of the business of this profession might be despatched by one that perhaps

—*abest virtute disert*

Messalæ, nec scit quantum Causellius Aulus;

HOR.

—wants Messala's pow'rful eloquence,

And is less read than deep Causellius;

ROSCOMMON.

so I can not conceive the injustice done to the public, if the men of reputation in this calling would introduce such of the young ones into business,

whose application to this study will let them into the secrets of it, as much as their modesty will hinder them from the practice; I say, it would be laying an everlasting obligation upon a young man, to be introduced at first only as a mute, till by this countenance, and a resolution to support the good opinion conceived of him in his betters, his complexion should be so well settled, that the litigious of this island may be secure of his obstreperous aid. If I might be indulged to speak in the style of a lawyer, I would say, that any one about thirty years of age might make a common motion to the court with as much elegance and propriety as the most aged advocates in the hall.

‘ I can not advance the merit of modesty by any argument of my own so powerfully as by inquiring into the sentiments the greatest among the ancients of different ages entertained upon this virtue. If we go back to the days of Solomon, we shall find favour a necessary consequence to a shame-faced man. Pliny, the greatest lawyer and most elegant writer of the age he lived in, in several of his epistles is very solicitous in recommending to the public some young men of his own profession, and very often undertakes to become an advocate, upon condition that some one of these his favourites might be joined with him, in order to produce the merit of such whose modesty otherwise would have suppressed it. It may seem very marvellous to a saucy modern, that *Multum sanguinis, multum verecundiæ, multum sollicitudinis in ore*: ‘ To have the face first full of blood, then the countenance dashed with modesty, and then the whole aspect as of one dying of fear,

when a man begins to speak;’ should be esteemed by Pliny the necessary qualifications of a fine speaker. Shakspeare also has expressed himself in the same favourable strain of modesty, when he says:

“——In the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence——”

‘Now, since these authors have professed themselves for the modest man, even in the utmost confusion of speech and countenance, why should an intrepid utterance and a resolute vociferation thunder so successfully in our courts of justice? And why should that confidence of speech and behaviour, which seems to acknowledge no superior, and to defy all contradiction, prevail over that deference and resignation with which the modest man implores that favourable opinion which the other seems to command?’

‘As the case at present stands, the best consolation that I can administer to those who can not get into that stroke of business, (as the phrase is) which they deserve, is to reckon every particular acquisition of knowledge in this study as a real increase of their fortune; and fully to believe, that one day this imaginary gain will certainly be made out by one more substantial. I wish you would talk to us a little on this head; you will oblige, sir, your humble servant.’

The author of this letter is certainly a man of good sense: but I am perhaps particular in my opinion on this occasion; for I have observed, that under the notion of modesty, men have indulged themselves in a spiritless sheepishness,

and been forever lost to themselves, their families, their friends, and their country. When a man has taken care to pretend to nothing but what he may justly aim at, and can execute as well as any other, without injustice to any other, it is ever want of breeding or courage to be brow-beaten or elbowed out of his honest ambition. I have said often, modesty must be an act of the will, and yet it always implies self-denial; for if a man has an ardent desire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and, from an unmanly bashfulness, shrinks away and lets his merit languish in silence, he ought not to be angry at the world that a more unskilful actor succeeds in his part, because he has not confidence to come upon the stage himself. The generosity my correspondent mentions of Pliny can not be enough applauded. To cherish the dawn of merit and hasten its maturity, was a work worthy a noble Roman and a liberal scholar. That concern which is described in the letter is to all the world the greatest charm imaginable; but then the modest man must proceed, and show a latent resolution in himself; for the admiration of his modesty arises from the manifestation of his merit. I must confess we live in an age wherein a few empty blusterers carry away the praise of speaking, while a crowd of fellows overstocked with knowledge are run down by them: I say overstocked, because they certainly are so as to their service of mankind, if from their very store they raise to themselves ideas of respect, and greatness of the occasion, and I know not what, to disable themselves from explaining their thoughts. I must confess, when I have seen Charles Frankair rise up with a com-

manding mien, and torrent of handsome words, talk a mile off the purpose, and drive down twenty bashful boobies of ten times his sense, who at the same time were envying his impudence, and despising his understanding, it has been matter of great mirth to me; but it soon ended in a secret lamentation, that the fountains of every thing praiseworthy in these realms, the universities, should be so muddled with a false sense of this virtue, as to produce men capable of being so abused. I will be bold to say, that it is a ridiculous education which does not qualify a man to make his best appearance before the greatest man and the finest women to whom he can address himself. Were this judiciously corrected in the nurseries of learning, pert coxcombs would know their distance: but we must bear with this false modesty in our young nobility and gentry, till they cease at Oxford and Cambridge to grow dumb in the study of eloquence.

No. 485. TUESDAY, SEPT. 16. *By Addison.*

Nihil tam firmum est, cui periculum non sit, etiam ab invalido.
QUINT. CURT.

The strongest things are in danger even from the weakest.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘My lord Clarendon has observed, ‘that few men have done more harm than those who have been thought to be able to do least; and there can not be a greater error, than to believe a man whom we see qualified with too mean parts to do

good, to be therefore incapable of doing hurt. There is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly, in the weakest, when he sets his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in mischief.' What may seem to the reader the greatest paradox in the reflection of the historian, is, I suppose, that folly, which is generally thought incapable of contriving or executing any design, should be so formidable to those whom it exerts itself to molest. But this will appear very plain, if we remember that Solomon says, *It is sport to a fool to do mischief*; and that he might the more emphatically express the calamitous circumstances of him who falls under the displeasure of this wanton person, the same author adds further, that *a stone is heavy, and the sand weighty, but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both*. It is impossible to suppress my own illustration upon this matter, which is, that as the man of sagacity bestirs himself to distress his enemy by methods probable and reducible to reason, so the same reason will fortify his enemy to elude these his regular efforts; but your fool projects, acts, and concludes, with such notable inconsistency, that no regular course of thought can evade or counterplot his prodigious machinations. My frontispiece, I believe, may be extended to imply, that several of our misfortunes arise from things, as well as persons, that seem of very little consequence. Into what tragical extravagancies does Shakspeare hurry Othello upon the loss of a handkerchief only? and what barbarities does Desdemona suffer from a slight inadvertency in regard to this fatal trifle? If the schemes of all enterprising spirits were to be

carefully examined, some intervening accident, not considerable enough to occasion any debate upon, or give them any apprehension of ill consequences from it, will be found to be the occasion of their ill success, rather than any error in points of moment and difficulty, which naturally engaged their maturest deliberations. If you go to the levee of any great man, you will observe him exceeding gracious to several very insignificant fellows: and upon this maxim, that the neglect of any person must arise from the mean opinion you have of his capacity to do you any service or prejudice; and that this calling his sufficiency in question must give him inclination, and where this is, there never wants strength or opportunity to annoy you. There is nobody so weak of invention, that can not aggravate or make some little stories to vilify his enemy; and there are very few but have good inclinations to hear them, and it is infinite pleasure to the majority of mankind to level a person superior to his neighbours. Besides, in all matter of controversy, that party which has the greatest abilities labours under this prejudice, that he will certainly be supposed, upon account of his abilities, to have done an injury when perhaps he has received one. It would be tedious to enumerate the strokes that nations and particular friends have suffered from persons very contemptible.

‘ I think Henry IV. of France, so formidable to his neighbours, could no more be secured against the resolute villany of Ravillac, than Villiers duke of Buckingham could be against that of Felton. And there is no incensed person so destitute, but can provide himself with a knife or a

pistol, if he finds stomach to apply them. That things and persons of no moment should give such powerful revolutions to the progress of those of the greatest, seems a providential disposition to baffle and abate the pride of human sufficiency; as also to engage the humanity and benevolence of superiors to all below them, by letting them into this secret, that the stronger depends upon the weaker. I am, sir, your very humble servant.'

'DEAR SIR, *Temple, Paper Buildings.*

'I received a letter from you some time ago, which I should have answered sooner, had you informed me in yours to what part of this island I might have directed my impertinence; but having been let into the knowledge of that matter, this handsome excuse is no longer serviceable. My neighbour Prettyman shall be the subject of this letter; who falling in with the Spectator's doctrine concerning the month of May, began from that season to dedicate himself to the service of the fair in the following manner. I observed at the beginning of the month he bought him a new night-gown, either side to be worn outwards, both equally gorgeous and attractive; but till the end of the month I did not enter so fully into the knowledge of his contrivance, as the use of that garment has since suggested to me. Now you must know that all new clothes raise and warm the wearer's imagination into a conceit of his being a much finer gentleman than he was before, banishing all sobriety and reflection, and giving him up to gallantry and amour. Inflamed therefore with this way of thinking, and full of the spirit of the month of May, did this merciless Youth resolve upon the business of captivating.

At first he confined himself to his room, only now and then appearing at his window in his night-gown, and practising that easy posture which expresses the very top and dignity of languishment. It was pleasant to see him diversify his loveliness, sometimes obliging the passengers only with a side-face with a book in his hand; sometimes being so generous as to expose the whole in the fulness of its beauty; at other times, by a judicious throwing back of his periwig, he would throw in his ears. You know he is that sort of person which the mob call a handsome jolly man; which appearance can not miss of captives in this part of the town. Being emboldened by daily success, he leaves his room with a resolution to extend his conquests; and I have apprehended him in his night-gown smiting in all parts of this neighbourhood.

‘ This I, being of an amorous complexion, saw with indignation, and had thoughts of purchasing a wig in these parts; into which, being at a greater distance from the earth, I might have thrown a very liberal mixture of white horse-hair, which would make a fairer and consequently a handsomer appearance, while my situation would secure me against any discoveries. But the passion of the handsome gentleman seems to be so fixed to that part of the building, that it will be extremely difficult to divert it to mine; so that I am resolved to stand boldly to the complexion of my own eyebrow, and prepare me an immense black wig of the same sort of structure with that of my rival. Now, though by this I shall not, perhaps, lessen the number of the admirers of his complexion, I shall have a fair chance to

divide the passengers by the irresistible force of mine.

‘I expect sudden despatches from you, with advice of the family you are in now, how to deport myself upon this so delicate a conjuncture; with some comfortable resolutions in favour of the handsome black man against the handsome fair one. I am, sir, your most humble servant.’

C.

N. B. He who writ this is a black man, two pair of stairs; the gentleman of whom he writes is fair, and one pair of stairs.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I only say, that it is impossible for me to say how much I am yours, ROBERT SHORTER.’

‘P. S. I shall think it a little hard, if you do not take as much notice of this epistle as you have of the ingenious Mr. Short’s. I am not afraid to let the world see which is the deeper man of the two.’

ADVERTISEMENT.

London, September 15.

‘Whereas a young woman on horseback, in an equestrian habit, on the 13th instant, in the evening, met the Spectator within a mile and a half of this town, and, flying in the face of justice, pulled off her hat, in which there was a feather, with the mien and air of a young officer, saying, at the same time, Your servant, Mr. Spec, or words to that purpose; this is to give notice, that if any person can discover the name and place of abode of the said offender, so as she can be brought to justice, the informant shall have all fitting encouragement.’

T.

No. 486. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17. *By Steele.*

*Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte
Qui mæchis non vultis——*

HOR.

IMITATED.

All you who think the city ne'er can thrive,
Till every cuckold-maker's flea'd alive,
Attend——

POPE.

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ THERE are very many of my acquaintance followers of Socrates, with more particular regard to that part of his philosophy which we, among ourselves, call his *domestics*; under which denomination or title we include all the conjugal joys and sufferings. We have indeed, with very great pleasure, observed the honour you do the whole fraternity of the hen-pecked, in placing that illustrious man at our head; and it does in a very great measure baffle the raillery of pert rogues, who have no advantage above us, but in that they are single. But when you look about into the crowd of mankind, you will find the fair sex reigns with greater tyranny over lovers than husbands. You shall hardly meet one in a thousand who is wholly exempt from their dominion, and those that are so, are capable of no taste of life, and breathe and walk about the earth as insignificant. But I am going to desire your further favour in behalf of our harmless brotherhood, and hope you will show in a true light the unmarried hen-pecked; as well as you have done justice to us, who submit to the conduct of our wives. I am very particularly acquainted with

one who is under entire submission to a kind girl, as he calls her; and though he knows I have been witness both to the ill usage he has received from her, and his inability to resist her tyranny, he still pretends to make a jest of me for a little more than ordinary obsequiousness to my spouse. No longer than Tuesday last he took me with him to visit his mistress; and he having, it seems, been a little in disgrace before, thought by bringing me with him she would constrain herself, and insensibly fall into general discourse with him; and so he might break the ice, and save himself all the ordinary compunctions and mortifications she used to make him suffer before she would be reconciled after any act of rebellion on his part. When we came into the room, we were received with the utmost coldness; and when he presented me as Mr. Such-a-one, his very good friend, she just had patience to suffer my salutation; but when he himself, with a very gay air, offered to follow me, she gave him a thundering box on the ear, called him a pitiful poor-spirited wretch, how durst he see her face? His wig and hat fell on different parts of the floor. She seized the wig too soon for him to recover it, and, kicking it down stairs, threw herself into an opposite room, pulling the door after her with a force that you would have thought the hinges would have given way. We went down, you must think, with no very good countenances, and, as we sneaked off, and were driving home together, he confessed to me that her anger was thus highly raised, because he did not think fit to fight a gentleman who had said she was what she was; but, says he, a kind letter or two, or fifty pieces, will put her

in humour again. I asked why he did not part with her; he answered, he loved her with all the tenderness imaginable, and she had too many charms to be abandoned for a little quickness of spirit. Thus does this illegitimate hen-pecked overlook the hussy's having no regard to his very life and fame, in putting him upon an infamous dispute about her reputation; yet has he the confidence to laugh at me, because I obey my poor dear in keeping out of harm's way, and not staying too late from my own family, to pass through the hazards of a town full of ranters and debauchees. You that are a philosopher should urge in our behalf, that when we bear with a forward woman, our patience is preserved, in consideration that a breach with her might be a dishonour to children who are descended from us, and whose concern makes us tolerate a thousand frailties, for fear they should redound dishonour upon the innocent. This and the like circumstances, which carry with them the most valuable regards of human life, may be mentioned for our long suffering; but, in the case of gallants, they swallow ill usage from one to whom they have no obligation, but from a base passion which it is mean to indulge, and which it would be glorious to overcome.

‘These sort of fellows are very numerous, and some have been conspicuously such, without shame; nay, they have carried on the jest in the very article of death, and to the diminution of the wealth and happiness of their families in bar of those honourably near to them, have left immense wealth to their paramours. What is this but being a cully in the grave! sure this is being hen-

pecked with a vengeance! But without dwelling upon these less frequent instances of eminent cullyism, what is there so common as to hear a fellow curse his fate that he can not get rid of a passion to a jilt, and quote a half line out of a miscellany poem to prove his weakness is natural? If they will go on thus, I have nothing to say to it: but then, let them not pretend to be free all this while, and laugh at us poor married patients.

‘I have known one wench in this town carry a haughty dominion over her lovers so well, that she has at the same time been kept by a sea-captain in the Straits, a merchant in the city, a country gentleman in Hampshire, and had all her correspondences managed by one she kept for her own uses. This happy man (as the phrase is) used to write very punctually, every post, letters for the mistress to transcribe. He would sit in his night-gown and slippers, and be as grave giving an account, only changing names, that there was nothing in those idle reports they had heard of such a scoundrel as one of the other lovers was, and how could he think she could condescend so low after such a fine gentleman as each of them? For the same epistle said the same thing to and of every one of them. And so Mr. Secretary and his lady went to bed with great order.

‘To be short, Mr. Spectator, we husbands shall never make the figure we ought in the imaginations of young men growing up in the world, except you can bring it about that a man of the town shall be as infamous a character as a woman of the town. But of all that I have met with

in my time, commend me to Betty Duall; she is the wife of a sailor, and the kept-mistress of a man of quality; she dwells with the latter during the seafaring of the former. The husband asks no questions, sees his apartments furnished with riches not his, when he comes into port, and the lover is as joyful as a man arrived at his haven when the other puts to sea. Betty is the most eminently victorious of any of her sex, and ought to stand recorded the only woman of the age in which she lives, who has possessed at the same time two abused and two contented ——.' T.

No. 487. THURSDAY, SEPT. 18. *By Addison.*

—— *Cum prostrata sopore*
Urget membra quies, et mens sine pondere ludit. PETR.

While sleep oppresses the tir'd limbs, the mind
 Plays without weight, and wantons unconfin'd.

THOUGH there are many authors who have written on dreams, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the world, or as pre-sages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I shall consider this subject in another light, as dreams may give us some idea of the great excellency of a human soul, and some intimation of its independency on matter.

In the first place, our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human

soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in action till her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul when she is disencumbered of her machine; her sports and recreations when she has laid her charge asleep.

In the second place, dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations when she acts in conjunction with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in dreams it is wonderful to observe with what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. The slow of speech make unpremeditated harangues or converse readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind than invention; yet in dreams it works with that ease and activity that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which case the invention prompts so readily, that the mind is imposed up-

on, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

I shall, under this head, quote a passage out of the *Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. 'We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity, my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius: I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me; I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awakened souls a confused and broken tale of that that has passed.—Thus it is observed, that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves: for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above morality.'

We may likewise observe, in the third place, that the passions affect the mind with greater strength when we are asleep than when we are

awake. Joy and sorrow give us more vigorous sensations of pain or pleasure at this time than at any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent author abovementioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it rises in the soul at a time that the body is thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable that this may happen differently in different constitutions. I shall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I shall leave to the solution of my reader. Supposing a man always happy in his dreams, and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a man a king in his dreams, and a beggar awake, and dreamed as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a king or a beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another circumstance, which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul, in regard to what passes in dreams: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. Were that active watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would her hours of sleep be? Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such solitude.

— *Semperque relinqui*

Sola sibi, semper longam incommutata videtur

Ire viam—

VIRG. *Æn.* 4. v. 466.

— She seems alone

To wander in her sleep through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark.

DRYDEN.

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark is, that wonderful power in the soul of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actor, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, 'that all men whilst they are awake are in one common world, but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own.' The waking man is conversant in the world of nature; when he sleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul, which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian, namely, its power of divining in dreams. That several such divinations have been made, none can question, who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night,

proceed from any latent power in the soul, during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have been never suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose, that the soul in these instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the body: it is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk, and immersed in matter, nor entangled and perplexed in her operations, with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is slackened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broke and weakened, when she operates more in concert with the body.

The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they are at least strong intimations, not only of the excellency of a human soul, but of its independence on the body: and if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great points, which are established by many other reasons that are altogether unanswerable.

O.

No. 488. FRIDAY, SEPT. 19. *By Addison.*

Quanti emptæ? parvo. Quanti ergo? octo assibus. Eheu!
 Hon. Sat. 3. l. 2. v. 136.

What doth it cost? Not much upon my word.
 How much, pray? Why, two-pence. Two-pence? O Lord!
 CREECH.

I FIND, by several letters which I receive daily, that many of my readers would be better pleased to pay three half-pence for my paper than two-pence. The ingenious T. W. (a) tells me, that I have deprived him of the best part of his breakfast, for that, since the rise of my paper, he is forced every morning to drink his dish of coffee by itself, without the addition of the Spectator, that used to be better than lace to it. Eugenius informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he should have disliked any passage in my paper, but that of late there have been two words in every one of them which he could heartily wish left out, viz. *price two-pence*. I have a letter from a soap-boiler, who condole with me very affectionately upon the necessity we both lie under of setting a higher price on our commodities, since the late tax has been laid upon them, and desiring me when I write next on that subject, to speak a word or two upon the present duties of castile soap. But there is none of these my correspondents, who write with a greater turn of good sense and elegance of expression, than the generous Philomedes, who advises me to value every Spectator at six-pence, and promises that he him-

self will engage for above a hundred of his acquaintance, who shall take it in at that price.

Letters from the female world are likewise come to me, in greater quantities, upon the same occasion; and as I naturally bear a great deference to this part of our species, I am very glad to find that those who approve my conduct in this particular are much more numerous than those who condemn it. A large family of daughters have drawn me up a very handsome remonstrance, in which they set forth that their father having refused to take in the Spectator, since the additional price was set upon it, they offered him unanimously to bate him the article of bread and butter in the tea-table account, provided the Spectator might be served up to them every morning as usual. Upon this, the old gentleman, being pleased, it seems, with their desire of improving themselves, has granted them the continuance both of the Spectator and their bread and butter; having given particular orders, that the tea-table shall be set forth every morning with its customary bill of fare, and without any manner of defalcation. I thought myself obliged to mention this particular, as it does honour to this worthy gentleman; and if the young lady Lætitia, who sent me this account, will acquaint me with his name, I will insert it at length in one of my papers, if he desires it.

I should be very glad to find out any expedient that might alleviate the expense which this my paper brings to any of my readers; and, in order to it, must propose two points to their consideration. First, that if they retrench any the smallest particular in their ordinary expense, it will easily

make up the half-penny a day, which we have now under consideration. Let a lady sacrifice but a single riband to her morning studies, and it will be sufficient: let a family burn but a candle a night less than the usual number, and they may take in the Spectator without detriment to their private affairs.

In the next place, if my readers will not go to the price of buying my papers by retail, let them have patience, and they may buy them in the lump, without the burden of a tax upon them. My speculations, when they are sold single, like cherries upon the stick, are delights for the rich and wealthy; after some time they come to market in greater quantities, and are every ordinary man's money. The truth of it is, they have a certain flavour at their first appearance, from several accidental circumstances of time, place, and person, which they may lose if they are not taken early; but in this case every reader is to consider, whether it is not better for him to be half a year behind hand with the fashionable and polite part of the world, than to strain himself beyond his circumstances. My bookseller has now about ten thousand of the third and fourth volumes, which he has ready to publish, having already disposed of as large an edition both of the first and second volumes. As he is a person whose head is very well turned to his business, he thinks they would be a very proper present to be made to persons at christenings, marriages, visiting-days, and the like joyful solemnities, as several other books are frequently given at funerals. He has printed them in such a little portable volume, that many of them may be ranged together upon a single

plate; and is of opinion that a salver of Spectators would be as acceptable an entertainment to the ladies as a salver of sweetmeats.

I shall conclude this paper with an epigram lately sent to the writer of the Spectator, after having returned my thanks to the ingenious author of it.

'SIR,

'Having heard the following epigram very much commended, I wonder that it has not yet had a place in any of your papers; I think the suffrage of our poet-laureat should not be overlooked, which shows the opinion he entertains of your paper, whether the notion he proceeds upon be true or false. I make bold to convey it to you, not knowing if it has yet come to your hands.

ON THE SPECTATOR.

BY MR. TATE.

— *Aliusque et idem*

Nasceris —

HOR. Carm. Sæc. v. 10.

You rise another and the same.

'When first the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her Censor's silence mourn'd.
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
Till the *Spectator* rose, and blaz'd as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
And sigh'd, till circling day his joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a bright successor or the same:
So we: but now from this suspense are freed,
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.'

O.

No. 489. SATURDAY, SEPT. 20. *By Addison.*

————— *Βαρυρεῖται μέγα σθένος Ωκεανός.*

HOM.

The mighty force of ocean's troubled flood.

'SIR,

'UPON reading your *essay* concerning the Pleasures of the Imagination, I find among the three sources of those pleasures which you have discovered, that *greatness* is one. This has suggested to me the reason why, of all objects that I have ever seen, there is none which affects my imagination so much as the sea or ocean. I can not see the heavings of this prodigious bulk of waters, even in a calm, without a very pleasing astonishment; but when it is worked up in a tempest, so that the horizon on every side is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable horror that rises from such a prospect. A troubled ocean, to a man who sails upon it, is, I think, the biggest object that he can see in motion, and consequently gives his imagination one of the highest kinds of pleasure that can arise from greatness. I must confess it is impossible for me to survey this world of fluid matter, without thinking on the Hand that first poured it out, and made a proper channel for its reception. Such an object naturally raises in my thoughts the idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his existence as much as a metaphysical demonstration. The imagination prompts the understanding, and, by the greatness of the sensible object, produces in it the idea of a Being who is neither circumscribed by time nor space.

‘As I have made several voyages upon the sea, I have often been tossed in storms, and on that occasion have frequently reflected on the descriptions of them in ancient poets. I remember Longinus highly recommends one in Homer, because the poet has not amused himself with little fancies upon the occasion, as authors of an inferior genius, whom he mentions had done, but because he has gathered together those circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a tempest. It is for the same reason, that I prefer the following description of a ship in a storm, which the psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with. “They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waters thereof: they mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths, their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit’s end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad, because they be quiet, so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.” (Psalm 107.)

‘By the way, how much more comfortable, as well as rational, is this system of the psalmist, than the Pagan scheme in Virgil, and other poets, where one deity is represented as raising a storm, and another as laying it? Were we only to consider the sublime in this piece of poetry, what can

be nobler than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raising a tumult among the elements, and recovering them out of their confusion, thus troubling and becalming nature?

‘ Great painters do not only give us landscapes of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ their pencils upon sea-pieces: I could wish you would follow their example. If this small sketch may deserve a place among your works, I shall accompany it with a divine ode, made by a gentleman upon the conclusion of his travels.

I.

‘ How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass’d unhurt,
And breath’d in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten’d every soil,
Made every region please:
The hoary Alpine hills it warm’d,
And smooth’d the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw’st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev’ry face,
And fear in ev’ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O’ercame the pilot’s art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free;
 Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
 My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
 Obedient to thy will;
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore,
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee!"

O.

No. 490. MONDAY, SEPT. 22. *By Steele.*

Domus et placens uxor.

HON.

Thy house and pleasing wife.

CREECH.

I HAVE very long entertained an ambition to make the word Wife the most agreeable and delightful name in nature. If it be not so in itself, all the wiser part of mankind from the beginning of the world to this day has consented in an error.

But our unhappiness in England has been, that a few loose men of genius for pleasure have turned it all to the gratification of ungoverned desires, in despite of good sense, form, and order; when, in truth, any satisfaction beyond the boundaries of reason, is but a step towards madness and folly. But is the sense of joy and accomplishment of desire no way to be indulged or attained? And have we appetites given us not to be at all gratified? Yes, certainly: marriage is an institution calculated for a constant scene of as much delight as our being is capable of. Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humoured, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their lives. The wiser of the two (and it always happens one of them is such) will, for her or his own sake, keep things from outrage with the utmost sanctity. When this union is thus preserved (as I have often said) the most indifferent circumstance administers delight. Their condition is an endless source of new gratifications. The married man can say, if I am unacceptable to all the world beside, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with joy and transport, and think herself obliged to double her kindness and caresses of me from the gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the sorrow of my heart to be agreeable there, that very sorrow quickens her affection.

This passion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very constitution, and

the kindness flows as easily and silently as the blood in the veins. When this affection is enjoyed in the most sublime degree, unskilful eyes see nothing of it; but when it is subject to be changed, and has an allay in it that may make it end in distaste, it is apt to break into rage, or overflow into fondness, before the rest of the world.

Uxander and Viramira are amorous and young, and have been married these two years; yet do they so much distinguish each other in company, that in your conversation with the dear things you are still put to a sort of cross purposes. Whenever you address yourself in ordinary discourse to Viramira, she turns her head another way, and the answer is made to the dear Uxander. If you tell a merry tale, the application is still directed to her dear; and when she should commend you, she says to him, as if he had spoke it, that is, my dear, so pretty—this puts me in mind of what I have somewhere read in the admired memoirs of the famous Cervantes, where, while honest Sancho Pança is putting some necessary humble question concerning Rozinante, his supper, or his lodgings, the knight of the sorrowful countenance is ever improving the harmless lowly hints of his 'squire to the poetical conceit, rapture, and flight, in contemplation of the dear Dulcinea of his affections.

On the other side, Dictamnus and Maria are ever squabbling, and you may observe them all the time they are in company in a state of impatience. As Uxander and Viramira wish you all gone, that they may be at freedom for dalliance; Dictamnus and Maria wait your absence that they may speak their harsh interpretations on

each other's words and actions during the time you were with them.

It is certain that the greater part of the evils attending this condition of life arises from fashion: Prejudice in this case is turned the wrong way, and instead of expecting more happiness than we shall meet with in it, we are laughed into a prepossession, that we shall be disappointed if we hope for lasting satisfactions.

With all persons who have made good sense the rule of action, marriage is described as the state capable of the highest human felicity. Tully has epistles full of affectionate pleasure, when he writes to his wife, or speaks of his children. But above all the hints of this kind I have met with in writers of ancient date, I am pleased with an epigram of Martial in honour of the beauty of his wife Cleopatra. Commentators say it was written the day after his wedding-night. When his spouse was retired to the bathing-room in the heat of the day, he, it seems, came in upon her when she was just going into the water. To her beauty and carriage on this occasion, we owe the following epigram, which I showed my friend Will Honeycomb in French, who has translated it as follows, without understanding the original. I expect it will please the English better than the Latin reader.

'When my bright consort, now nor wife nor maid,
Asham'd and wanton, of embrace afraid,
Fled to the streams, the streams my fair betray'd;
To my fond eyes she all transparent stood,
She blush'd, I smil'd at the slight covering flood,
Thus through the glass the lovely lily glows,
Thus through the ambient gem shines forth the rose.
I saw new charms, and plung'd to seize my store,
Kisses I snatch'd, the waves prevented more.'

My friend would not allow that this luscious account could be given of a wife, and therefore used the word *consort*; which he learnedly said would serve for a mistress as well, and give a more gentlemanly turn to the epigram. But, under favour of him and all other such fine gentlemen, I can not be persuaded but that the passion a bridegroom has for a virtuous young woman, will, by little and little, grow into friendship, and then it is ascended to a higher pleasure than it was in its first fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate man who has entered into this state, and left the habitudes of life he might have enjoyed with a faithful friend. But when the wife proves capable of filling serious as well as joyous hours, she brings happiness unknown to friendship itself. Spenser speaks of each kind of love with great justice, and attributes the highest praise to friendship; and indeed there is no disputing that point, but by making that friendship take place between two married persons.

‘ Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And do dispart the heart with power extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance down; to wit,
The dear affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeal of friends combin’d by virtues meet:
But of them all, the band of virtuous mind
Methinks the gentle heart should most assured bind.

‘ For natural affection soon doth cease,
And quenched is with Cupid’s greater flame;
But faithful friendship doth them both suppress,
And them with mastering discipline does tame,
Through thoughts aspiring to eternal fame.

For as the soul doth rule this earthly mass,
 And all the service of the body frame;
 So love of soul doth love of body pass,
 No less than perfect gold surmounts the meanest brass.'

T.

No. 491. TUESDAY, SEPT. 23. *By Steele.*

— *Digna satis fortuna revisit.* VIRG. ÆN. 3. v. 518.

A just reverse of fortune on him waits.

It is common with me to run from book to book to exercise my mind with many objects, and qualify myself for my daily labours. After an hour spent in this loitering way of reading, something will remain to be food to the imagination. The writings that please me most on such occasions are stories; for the truth of which there is good authority. The mind of man is naturally a lover of justice, and when we read a story wherein a criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no quality which is the object of pity, the soul enjoys a certain revenge for the offence done to its nature, in the wicked actions committed in the preceding part of the history. This will be better understood by the reader from the following narration itself, than from any thing which I can say to introduce it.

When Charles duke of Burgundy, surnamed the bold, reigned over spacious dominions now swallowed up by the power of France, he heaped many favours and honours upon Claudius Rhysault, a German, who had served him in his wars against the insults of his neighbours. A great

part of Zealand was at that time in subjection to that dukedom. The prince himself was a person of singular humanity and justice. Rhynsault with no other real quality than courage, had dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspecting master for a person of blunt honesty and fidelity, without any vice that could bias him from the execution of justice. His highness, prepossessed to his advantage, upon the decease of the governor of his chief town of Zealand, gave Rhynsault that command. He was not long seated in that government, before he cast his eyes upon Sapphira, a woman of exquisite beauty, the wife of Paul Danvelt, a wealthy merchant of the city, under his protection and government. Rhynsault was a man of a warm constitution, and violent inclination to women, and not unskilled in the soft arts which win their favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the satisfactions which are reaped from the possession of beauty, but was an utter stranger to the decencies, honours and delicacies, that attend the passion towards them in elegant minds. However, he had seen so much of the world, that he had a great share of the language which usually prevails upon the weaker part of that sex, and he could with his tongue utter a passion with which his heart was wholly untouched. He was one of those brutal minds which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty, without the least pity, passion, or love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a vice inseparable from a lustful man; and the possession of a woman by him who has no thought but allaying a passion painful to him-

self, is necessarily followed by distaste and aversion. Rhynsault being resolved to accomplish his will on the wife of Danvelt, left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her house; but she knew his character and disposition too well, not to shun all occasions that might ensnare her into his conversation. The governor despairing of success by ordinary means, apprehended and imprisoned her husband, under pretence of an information that he was guilty of a correspondence with the enemies of the duke to betray the town into their possession. This design had its desired effect; and the wife of the unfortunate Danvelt, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, presented herself in the hall of the governor's house, and as he passed through the apartment, threw herself at his feet, and holding his knees, beseeched his mercy. Rhynsault beheld her with a dissembled satisfaction, and assuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his closet; and asking her whether she knew the hand of the letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her leaving this admonition aloud; 'If you will save your husband, you must give me an account of all you know, without prevarication; for every body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the names of the rest of the conspirators, or any other particulars whatsoever.' He went to his closet, and soon after the lady was sent for to an audience. The servant knew his distance when matters of state were to be debated; and the governor laying aside the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the suppliant,

to rally an affliction which it was in her power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from his imprisonment. She easily perceived his intention, and bathed in tears, began to deprecate so wicked a design. Lust, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into its service and subjection. Her becoming tears, her honest anguish, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her posture and figure in the vehemence of speaking, were but so many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and farther incentives of his desire. All humanity was lost in that one appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain terms, that he was unhappy till he had possessed her, and nothing less should be the price of her husband's life, and she must before the following noon pronounce the death or enlargement of Danvelt. After this notification, when he saw Sapphira enough again distracted to make the subject of their discourse to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called servants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with insupportable affliction, she immediately repairs to her husband, and having signified to his jailers, that she had a proposal to make to her husband from the governor, she was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had passed, and represented the endless conflict she was in between love to his person, and fidelity to his bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp affliction this honest pair was in upon such an incident, in lives not used to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was bridled by shame from speaking what his fear prompted, upon

so near an approach of death; but let fall words that signified to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confessed to him that the governor had violated her person, since he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permission to save a life he had not resolution enough to resign for the safety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy Sapphira attended the governor, and being led into a remote apartment, submitted to his desires. Rhynsault commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had passed between them, and with an air of gaiety, in the language of a gallant, bid her return, and take her husband out of prison; but, continued he, my fair one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an interruption to our future assignations. These last words foreboded what she found when she came to the jail, her husband executed by the order of Rhynsault.

‘It was remarkable that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole course of her affliction, uttered neither sigh nor complaint, but stood fixed with grief at this consummation of her misfortunes. She betook herself to her abode, and after having in solitude paid her devotions to Him who is the avenger of innocence, she repaired privately to court. Her person, and a certain grandeur of sorrow, negligent of forms, gained her passage into the presence of the duke, her sovereign. As soon as she came into the presence, she broke forth into

the following words: 'Behold, O mighty Charles! a wretch weary of life, though it has always been spent with innocence and virtue. It is not in your power to redress my injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if the protection of the distressed, and the punishment of oppressors, is a task worthy a prince, I bring the duke of Burgundy ample matter for doing honour to his own great name, and wiping infamy off from mine.'

When she had spoken this, she delivered the duke a paper reciting her story. He read it with all the emotions that indignation and pity could raise in a prince jealous of his honour in the behaviour of his officers, and prosperity of his subjects.

Upon an appointed day, Rhynsault was sent for to court, and, in the presence of a few of the council, confronted by Sapphira; the prince asking, 'Do you know that lady?' Rhynsault, as soon as he could recover his surprise, told the duke he would marry her, if his highness would please to think that a reparation. The duke seemed contented with this answer, and stood by during the immediate solemnization of the ceremony. At the conclusion of it he told Rhynsault, 'Thus far you have done as constrained by my authority: I shall not be satisfied of your kind usage of her, without you sign a gift of your whole estate to her after your decease.' To the performance of this also the duke was a witness. When these two acts were executed, the duke turned to the lady, and told her, 'It now remains for me to put you in quiet possession of what

your husband has so bountifully bestowed on you;' and ordered the immediate execution of Rhynsault.

T.

No 492. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24. *By Steele.*

Quicquid est boni moris levitate extinguitur.

SENECA.

Levity of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

Tunbridge, September 18, 1712.

‘DEAR MR. SPECTATOR.

‘I AM a young woman of eighteen years of age, and I do assure you a maid of unspotted reputation, founded upon a very careful carriage in all my looks, words and actions. At the same time I must own to you, that it is with much constraint to flesh and blood that my behaviour is so strictly irreproachable; for I am naturally addicted to mirth, to gaiety, to a free air, to motion, and gadding. Now, what gives me a great deal of anxiety, and is some discouragement in the pursuit of virtue, is, that the young women who run into greater freedoms with the men are more taken notice of than I am. The men are such unthinking sots, that they do not prefer her who restrains all her passions and affections, and keeps much within the bounds of what is lawful, to her who goes to the utmost verge of innocence, and parleys at the very brink of vice, whether she shall be a wife or a mistress. But I must appeal to your Spectatorial wisdom, who I find, have passed very much of your time in the

study of women, whether this is not a most unreasonable proceeding. I have read somewhere, that Hobbes of Malmsbury asserts, that continent persons have more of what they contain, than those who give a loose to their desires. According to this rule, let there be equal age, equal wit, and equal good humour, in the woman of prudence, and her of liberty; what stores has he to expect who takes the former? What refuse must he be contented with who chooses the latter? Well, but I sat down to write you, to vent my indignation against several pert creatures who are addressed to and courted in this place, while poor I, and two or three like me, are wholly unregarded.

‘Every one of these affect gaining the hearts of your sex. This is generally attempted by a particular manner of carrying themselves with familiarity. Glycera has a dancing walk, and keeps time in her ordinary gait. Chloe, her sister, who is unwilling to interrupt her conquests, comes into the room before her with a familiar run. Dulcissa takes advantage of the approach of the winter, and has introduced a very pretty shiver; closing up her shoulders and shrinking as she moves. All that are in this mode carry their fans between both hands before them. Dulcissa herself who is the author of this air, adds the pretty run to it; and has also, when she is in very good humour, a taking familiarity in throwing herself into the lowest seat in the room, and letting her hooped petticoats fall with a lucky decency about her. I know she practises this way of sitting down in her chamber; and indeed she does it as well as you may have seen an actress

fall down dead in a tragedy. Not the least indecency in her posture. If you have observed what pretty carcasses are carried off at the end of a verse at the theatre, it will give you a notion how Dulcissa plumps into a chair. Here's a little country girl that's very cunning, that makes her use of being young and unbred, and outdoes the insnarers, who are almost twice her age. The air that she takes is to come into company after a walk, and is very successfully out of breath upon occasion. Her mother is in the secret, and calls her romp, and then looks round to see what young men stare at her.

'It would take up more than can come into one of your papers, to enumerate all the particular airs of the younger company in this place. But I can not omit Dulceorella, whose manner is the most indolent imaginable, but still as watchful of conquests as the busiest virgin among us. She has a peculiar art of staring at a young fellow, till she sees she has got him, and inflamed him by so much observation. When she sees she has him, and he begins to toss his head upon it, she is immediately short-sighted, and labours to observe what he is at a distance with her eyes half shut. Thus the captive, that thought her first struck, is to make very near approaches, or be wholly disregarded. This artifice has done more execution than all the ogling of the rest of the women here, with the utmost variety of half glances, attentive heedlessnesses, childish inadvertencies, haughty contempts, or artificial oversights. After I have said thus much of ladies among us, who fight thus regularly, I am to complain to you of a set of familiar romps, who have

broken through all common rules, and have thought of a very affectionate way of showing more charms than all of us. These, Mr. Spectator, are the swingers. You are to know these careless pretty creatures are very innocents, again; and it is to be no matter what they do; for it is all harmless freedom. They get on ropes, as you must have seen the children, and are swung by their men visitants. The jest is, that Mr. Such-a-one can name the colour of Mrs. Such-a-one's stockings; and she tells him he is a lying thief, so he is, and full of roguery; and she'll lay a wager, and her sister shall tell the truth if he says right, that he can't tell what colour her garters are of. In this diversion there are very many pretty shrieks, not so much for fear of falling, as that their petticoats should untie: for there is a great care had to avoid improprieties; and the lover who swings the lady, is to tie her clothes very close with his hat-band, before she admits him to throw up her heels.

‘ Now, Mr. Spectator, except you can note these wantonnesses in their beginnings, and bring us sober girls into observation, there is no help for it, we must swim with the tide; the coquettes are too powerful a party for us. To look into the merit of a regular and well-behaved woman is a slow thing. A loose trivial song gains the affections, when a wise homily is not attended to. There is no other way but to make war upon them, or we must go over to them. As for my part, I will show all the world it is not for want of charms that I stand so long unasked, and if you do not take measures for the immediate redress of us rigids, as the fellows call us, I can

move with a speaking mien, can look significantly, can lisp, can trip, can loll, can start, can blush, can rage, can weep, if I must do it, and can be frightened as agreeable as any she in England. All which is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial consideration, with all humility, by your most humble servant.

MATILDA MOHAIR.

T.

No. 493. THURSDAY, SEPT. 25. *By Steele.*

*Qualem commendes etiam atque etiam adspice, ne mox
Incusiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.* HOR.

Commend not, till a man is th'roughly known;
A rascal prais'd, you make his faults your own. ANON.

It is no unpleasant matter of speculation to consider the recommendatory epistles that pass round this town from hand to hand, and the abuse people put upon one another in that kind. It is indeed come to that pass, that instead of being the testimony of merit in the person recommended, the true reading of a letter of this sort is, 'The bearer hereof is so uneasy to me, that it will be an act of charity in you to take him off my hands; whether you prefer him or not, it is all one, for I have no manner of kindness for him, or obligation to him or his: and do what you please as to that.' As negligent as men are in this respect, a point of honour is concerned in it; and there is nothing a man should be more ashamed of, than passing a worthless creature into the service or interests of a man who has never injured

you. The women indeed are a little too keen in their resentments to trespass often this way: but you shall sometimes know that the mistress and the maid shall quarrel, and give each other very free language, and at last the lady shall be pacified to turn her out of doors, and give her a very good word to any body else. Hence it is that you see, in a year and a half's time, the same face a domestic in all parts of the town. Good-breeding and good nature lead people in a great measure to this injustice: when suitors of no consideration will have confidence enough to press upon their superiors those in power are tender of speaking the exception they have against them, and are mortgaged into promises out of their impatience of importunity. In this latter case, it would be a very useful inquiry to know the history of recommendations: there are, you must know, certain abettors of this way of torment, who make it a profession to manage the affairs of candidates: these gentlemen let out their impudence to their clients, and supply any defective recommendation, by informing how such and such a man is to be attacked. They will tell you, get the least scrap from Mr. Such-a-one, and leave the rest to them. When one of these undertakers have your business in hand, you may be sick, absent in town or country, and the patron shall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been shown a gentleman some years ago, who punished a whole people for their facility in giving their credentials. This person had belonged to a regiment which did duty in the West Indies, and by the mortality of the place happened to be commanding officer in the colony. He oppressed his subjects with

great frankness, till he became sensible that he was heartily hated by every man under his command. When he had carried his point, to be thus detestable, in a pretended fit of dishonour, and feigned uneasiness of living where he found he was so universally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief inhabitants a design he had to return to England, provided they would give him ample testimonials of their approbation. The planters came into it to a man, and in proportion to his deserving the quite contrary, the words justice, generosity, and courage, were inserted in his commission, not omitting the general good-liking of people of all conditions in the colony. The gentleman returns for England, and within a few months after came back to them their governor on the strength of their own testimonials.

Such a rebuke as this can not indeed happen to easy recommenders, in the ordinary course of things from one hand to another; but how would a man bear to have it said to him, the person I took into confidence on the credit you gave him, has proved false, unjust, and has not answered any way the character you gave me of him?

I can not but conceive very good hopes of that rake, Jack Toper of the Temple, for an honest scrupulousness in this point. A friend of his meeting with a servant that had formerly lived with Jack, and having a mind to take him, sent to know what faults the fellow had, since he could not please such a careless fellow as he was. His answer was as follows:

' SIR,

' Thomas that lived with me was turned away because he was too good for me. You know I live in taverns; he is an orderly sober rascal, and thinks much to sleep in an entry till two in a morning. He told me one day when he was dressing me, that he wondered I was not dead before now, since I went to dinner in the evening, and went to supper at two in the morning. We were coming down Essex-street one night a little flustered, and I was giving him the word to alarm the watch; he had the impudence to tell me it was against the law. You that are married, and live one day after another the same way, and so on the whole week, I dare say will like him, and he will be glad to have his meat in due season. The fellow is certainly very honest. My service to your lady. Your's, J. T.'

Now, this was very fair dealing. Jack knew very well that though the love of order made a man very awkward in his equipage, it was a valuable quality among the queer people who live by rule, and had too much good sense and good nature to let the fellow starve, because he was not fit to attend his vivacities.

I shall end this discourse with a letter of recommendation from Horace to Claudius Nero. You will see in that letter a slowness to ask a favour, a strong reason for being unable to deny his good word any longer, and that it is a service to the person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked; all which are necessary circumstances both in justice and good-breeding, if a man would ask so as to have reason to com-

plain of a denial; and indeed a man should not in strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the authority of Horace, who perfectly understood how to live with great men, may have a good effect towards amending this facility in people of condition, and the confidence of those who apply to them without merit, I have translated the epistle.

To Claudius Nero.

‘SIR,

‘Septimus, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the place you are pleased to allow me in your friendship. For when he beseeches me to recommend him to your notice, in such a manner as to be received by you, who are delicate in the choice of your friends and domestics, he knows our intimacy, and understands my ability to serve him better than I do myself. I have defended myself against his ambition to be yours, as long as I possibly could; but fearing the imputation of hiding my power in you, out of mean and selfish considerations, I am at last prevailed upon to give you this trouble. Thus to avoid the appearance of a greater fault, I have put on this confidence. If you can forgive this transgression of modesty in behalf of a friend, receive this gentleman into your interest and friendship, and take it from me that he is an honest and a brave man.’

T.

No. 494. FRIDAY, SEPT. 26. *By Addison.*

Aegritudinem laudare, unam rem maxime detestabilem quorum est tandem philosophorum? Cic.

What kind of philosophy is it, to extol melancholy, the most detestable thing in nature?

ABOUT an age ago it was the fashion in England for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much sanctity as possible into his face, and in particular to abstain from all appearances of mirth and pleasantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The saint was of a sorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with spleen and melancholy. A gentleman, who was lately a great ornament to the learned world, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous independent minister, who was head of a college in those times. This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of letters, and just fitted out for the university with a good cargo of Latin and Greek. His friends were resolved that he should try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the independent minister, whom I have before mentioned, was governor, (a) The youth, according to custom, waited on him, in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a servant, who was one of that gloomy generation that were then in fashion. He conducted him, with great silence and seriousness, to a long gallery, which was darkened at noon-day, and had only a single candle burning in it.

After a short stay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a taper, till at length the head of the college come out to him, from an inner room, with half a dozen night-caps upon his head, and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled; but his fears increased, when instead of being asked what progress he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His Latin and Greek stood him in little stead; he was to give an account only of the state of his soul, whether he was of the number of the elect; what was the occasion of his conversion; upon what day of the month, and hour of the day, it happened; how it was carried on, and when completed? The whole examination was summed up with one short question, namely, *Whether he was prepared for death?* The boy, who had been bred up by honest parents, was frightened out of his wits by the solemnity of the proceeding, and by the last dreadful interrogatory; so that upon making his escape out of this house of mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general form and outside of religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many persons who, by a natural uncheerfulness of heart, mistaken notions of piety, or weakness of understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of life, and give up themselves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superstitious fears and groundless scruples cut them off from the pleasures of conversation, and all those

social entertainments which are not only innocent, but laudable; as if mirth was made for reprobates, and cheerfulness of heart denied those who are the only persons that have a proper title to it.

Sombrius is one of these sons of sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptismal vow. An innocent jest startles him like blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a title of honour, he lifts up his hands and eyes; describe a public ceremony, he shakes his head; show him a gay equipage, he blesses himself. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is scandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He sits at a christening, or a marriage-feast, as at a funeral; sighs at the conclusion of a merry story, and grows devout when the rest of the company grow pleasant. After all, Sombrius is a religious man, and would have behaved himself very properly, had he lived when christianity was under a general persecution.

I would by no means presume to tax such characters with hypocrisy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but He, who knows the secrets of men's hearts, should pretend to discover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent persons, who are weighed down by this habitual sorrow of heart, they rather deserve our compassion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider whether such a behaviour does

not deter men from a religious life, by representing it as an unsociable state, that extinguishes all joy and gladness, darkens the face of nature, and destroys the relish of being itself.

I have, in former papers, shown how great a tendency there is to cheerfulness in religion, and how such a frame of mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous person. In short, those who represent religion in so unamiable a light, are like the spies sent by Moses to make a discovery of the land of promise, when by their reports they discouraged the people from entering upon it. Those who show us the joy, the cheerfulness, the good-humour, that naturally spring up in this happy state, are like the spies bringing along with them the clusters of grapes, and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleasant country which produced them.

An eminent pagan writer has made a discourse, to show that the atheist, who denies a God, does him less dishonour than the man who owns his being, but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to human nature. For my own part, says he, I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such man as Plutarch, than that Plutarch was ill-natured, capricious, or inhuman.

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the

heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the Divine Being, and the exercise of virtue, are in their own nature so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion cheers, as well as composes the soul: it banishes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth; but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself. O.

No. 495. SATURDAY, SEPT. 27. *By Addison.*

*Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus,
Nigræ feraci frondis in algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animunque ferro.*

HOR.

—Like an oak on some cold mountain's brow,
At ev'ry wound they sprout and grow;
The axe and sword new vigour give,
And by their ruins they revive.

ANON.

As I am one who, by my profession, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I consider with so much pleasure as those who have any thing new or extraordinary in their characters or ways of living. For this reason I have often amused myself with speculations on the race of people called Jews, many of whom I have met with in most of the considerable towns

which I have passed through in the course of my travels. They are, indeed, so disseminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the instruments by which the most distant nations converse with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correspondence: they are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten tracks of observation, I shall consider this people in three views. First, with regard to their number; secondly, their dispersion; and, thirdly, their adherence to their religion; and afterwards endeavour to show, first, what natural reasons, and, secondly, what providential reasons, may be assigned for these three remarkable particulars.

The Jews are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present as they were formerly in the land of Canaan.

This is wonderful, considering the dreadful slaughter made of them under some of the Roman emperors, which historians describe by the death of many hundred thousands in a war; and the innumerable massacres and persecutions they have undergone in Turkey, as well as in all christian nations of the world. Their rabbins, to express the great havock which has been sometimes made of them, tell us, after their usual manner of hyperbole, that there were such torrents of holy blood shed as carried rocks of a hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the sea.

Their dispersion is the second remarkable particular in this people. They swarm over all the east, and are settled in the remotest parts of China; they are spread through most of the nations of Europe and Africa; and many families of them are established in the West Indies: not to mention whole nations bordering on Prester-John's country, and some discovered in the inner parts of America, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm adherence to their religion is no less remarkable than their numbers and dispersion, especially considering it as persecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we consider the frequent apostacies of this people, when they lived under their kings in the land of promise, and within sight of the temple.

If, in the next place, we examine what may be the natural reasons for these three particulars which we find in the Jews, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the first place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their constant employment, their abstinence, their exemption from wars, and above all, their frequent marriages: for they look on celibacy as an accursed state, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the Messiah may descend from them.

The dispersion of the Jews into all the nations of the earth, is the second remarkable particular of that people, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and holy city in view; for which reason they have often

been driven out of their old habitations in the land of promise. They have as often been banished out of most other places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a people, and oblige them to seek a livelihood where they can find it. Besides the whole people is now a race of such merchants as are wanderers by profession, and, at the same time, are in most, if not all, places, incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

This dispersion would probably have lost their religion, had it not been secured by the strength of its constitution; for they are to live all in a body, and generally within the same enclosure; to marry among themselves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This shuts them out from all table conversation, and the most agreeable intercourses of life; and, by consequence, excludes them from the most probable means of conversion.

If, in the last place, we consider what providential reasons may be assigned for these three particulars, we shall find that their numbers, dispersion, and adherence to their religion, have furnished every age, and every nation of the world, with the strongest arguments for the christian faith, not only as these very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the depositories of these and all the other prophecies which tend to their own confusion. Their number furnishes us with a sufficient cloud of witnesses that attest the truth of the Old Bible. Their dispersion spreads these witnesses through all parts of the world. The adherence to their

religion makes their testimony unquestionable. Had the whole body of the Jews been converted to christianity, we should certainly have thought all the prophecies of the Old Testament, that relate to the coming and history of our blessed Saviour, forged by christians, and have looked upon them, with the prophecies of the Sibyls, as made many years after the events they pretended to foretell. O.

No. 496. MONDAY, SEPT. 29. *By Steele.*

*Gnatum pariter uti his decuit, aut etiam amplius,
Quod illa ætas magis ad hæc utenda idonea est.*

TERENT.

Your son ought to have shared in these things, because youth is best suited to the enjoyment of them.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THOSE ancients who were the most accurate in their remarks on the genius and temper of mankind, by considering the various bent and scope of our actions throughout the progress of life, have with great exactness allotted inclinations and objects of desire particular to every stage, according to the different circumstances of our conversation and fortune, through the several periods of it. Hence they were disposed easily to excuse those excesses which might possibly arise from a too eager pursuit of the affections more immediately proper to each state; they indulged the levity of childhood with tenderness, overlooked the gaiety of youth with good nature,

tempered the forward ambition and impatience of ripened manhood with discretion, and kindly imputed the tenacious avarice of old men to their want of relish for any other enjoyment. Such allowances as these were no less advantageous to common society than obliging to particular persons; for by maintaining a decency and regularity in the course of life, they supported the dignity of human nature, which then suffers the greatest violence when the order of things is inverted; and in nothing is it more remarkably vilified and ridiculous, than when feebleness preposterously attempts to adorn itself with that outward pomp and lustre which serve only to set off the bloom of youth with better advantage. I was insensibly carried into reflections of this nature, by just now meeting Paulino (who is in his climacteric) bedecked with the utmost splendour of dress and equipage, and giving an unbounded loose to all manner of pleasure, while his only son is debarred all innocent diversion, and may be seen frequently solacing himself in the Mall, with no other attendance than one antiquated servant of his father's for a companion and director.

'It is a monstrous want of reflection, that a man can not consider, that, when he can not resign the pleasures of life in his decay of appetite and inclination to them, his son must have a much uneasier task to resist the impetuosity of growing desires. The skill therefore should, methinks, be to let a son want no lawful diversion, in proportion to his future fortune, and the figure he is to make in the world. The first step towards virtue that I have observed in young men of condition that have run into excesses, has been

that they had a regard to their quality and reputation in the management of their vices. Narrowness in their circumstances has made many youths, to supply themselves as debauchees, commence cheats and rascals. The father who allows his son to his utmost ability avoids this latter evil, which as to the world is much greater than the former. But the contrary practice has prevailed so much among some men, that I have known them deny them what was merely necessary for education suitable to their quality. Poor young Antonio is a lamentable instance of ill conduct in this kind. The young man did not want natural talents; but the father of him was a coxcomb, who affected being a fine gentleman so unmercifully, that he could not endure in his sight, or the frequent mention of one who was his son, growing into manhood, and thrusting him out of the gay world. I have often thought the father took a secret pleasure in reflecting, that when that fine house and seat came into the next hands it would revive his memory, as a person who knew how to enjoy them, from observation of the rusticity and ignorance of his successor. Certain it is that a man may, if he will, let his heart close to the having no regard to any thing but to his dear self, even with exclusion of his very children. I recommend this subject to your consideration, and am, sir, your most humble servant,

T. B.'

‘ *London, Sept. 26, 1712.*

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ I am just come from Tunbridge, and have since my return read Mrs. Matilda Mohair’s let-

ter to you; she pretends to make a mighty story about the diversion of swinging in that place. What was done was only among relations: and no man swung any woman who was not second cousin at farthest. She is pleased to say, care was taken that the gallants tied the ladies' legs before they were wafted into the air. Since she is so spiteful, I will tell you the plain truth; there was no such nicety observed, since we were all, as I just now told you, near relations; but Mrs. Mohair herself has been swung there, and she invents all this malice, because it was observed she had crooked legs, of which I was an eyewitness. Your humble servant,

‘ RACHEL SHOESTRING.’

‘ *Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.*

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ We have just now read your paper, containing Mrs. Mohair's letter. It is an invention of her own from one end to the other; and I desire you would print the enclosed letter by itself, and shorten it so as to come within the compass of your half sheet. She is the most malicious minx in the world; for all she looks so innocent. Don't leave out that part about her being in love with her father's butler, which makes her shun men; for that is the truest of it all. Your humble servant,

SARAH TRICE.

‘ P. S. She has crooked legs.’

‘ *Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.*

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ All that Mrs. Mohair is so vexed at against the good company of this place is, that we all know she has crooked legs. This is certainly

true, I don't care for putting my name, because one would not be in the power of the creature.

'Your humble servant unknown.'

'Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'That insufferable prude, Mrs. Mohair, who has told such stories of the company here, is with child, for all her nice airs and her crooked legs. Pray be sure to put her in for both these two things, and you'll oblige every body here, especially your humble servant,

T. 'ALICE BLUEGARTER.'

No. 497. TUESDAY, SEPT. 30. *By Steele.*

'Ουτος εστι γαλεντης γερον.

MENANDER.

A cunning old fox this!

A FAVOUR well bestowed is almost as great an honour to him who confers it as to him who receives it. What indeed makes for the superior reputation of the patron in this case is, that he is always surrounded with specious pretences of unworthy candidates, and is often alone in the kind inclination he has towards the well-deserving. Justice is the first quality in the man who is in a post of direction: and I remember to have heard an old gentleman talk of the civil wars, and in his relation give an account of a general officer who with this one quality, without any shining endowments, became so popularly beloved and honoured, that all decisions between

man and man were laid before him, by the parties concerned, in a private way: and they would lay by their animosities implicitly, if he bid them be friends, or submit themselves in the wrong without reluctance, if he said it, without waiting the judgment of courts-martial. His manner was to keep the dates of all commissions in his closet, and wholly dismiss from the service such as were deficient in their duty; and after that took care to prefer according to the order of battle. His familiars were his entire friends, and could have no interested views in courting his acquaintance; for his affection was no step to their preferment, though it was to their reputation. By this means a kind aspect, a salutation, a smile, and giving out his hand, had the weight of what is esteemed by vulgar minds more substantial. His business was very short, and he who had nothing to do but justice, was never affronted with a request of a familiar daily visitant for what was due to a brave man at a distance. Extraordinary merit he used to recommend to the king for some distinction at home, till the order of battle made way for his rising in the troops. Add to this, that he had an excellent manner of getting rid of such whom he observed were good at a *halt*, as his phrase was. Under this description he comprehended all those who were contented to live without reproach, and had no promptitude in their minds towards glory. These fellows were also recommended to the king, and taken off the general's hands into posts wherein diligence and common honesty were all that were necessary. This general had no weak part in his line, but every man had as much care upon

him, and as much honour to lose as himself. Every officer could answer for what passed where he was, and the general's presence was never necessary but where he had placed himself at the first disposition, except that accident happened from extraordinary efforts of the enemy which he could not foresee; but it was remarkable that it never fell out from failure in his own troops. It must be confessed the world is just so much out of order, as an unworthy person possesses what should be in the direction of him who has better pretensions to it.

Instead of such a conduct as this old fellow used to describe in his general, all the evils which have ever happened among mankind have arose from the wanton disposition of the favours of the powerful. It is generally all that men of modesty and virtue can do, to fall in with some whimsical turn in a great man, to make way for things of real and absolute service. In the time of Don Sebastian of Portugal, or some time since, the first minister would let nothing come near him but what bore the most profound face of wisdom and gravity. They carried it so far, that, for the greater show of their profound knowledge, a pair of spectacles tied on their noses, with a black riband round their heads, was what completed the dress of those who made their court at his levee, and none with naked noses were admitted to his presence. A blunt honest fellow, who had a command in the train of artillery, had attempted to make an impression upon the porter, day after day in vain, till at last he made his appearance in a very thoughtful dark suit of clothes, and two pair of spectacles

on at once. He was conducted from room to room with great deference to the minister; and carrying on the farce of the place, he told his excellency that he had in this manner pretended to be wiser than he really was, but with no ill intention; but that he was honest Such-a-one of the train, and he came to tell him that they wanted wheel-barrows and pick axes. The thing happened not to displease, the great man was seen to smile, and the successful officer was re-conducted with the same profound ceremony out of the house.

When Leo X. reigned pope of Rome, his holiness, though a man of sense, and of an excellent taste of letters, of all things affected fools, buffoons, humourists and coxcombs; whether it were from vanity, and that he enjoyed no talents in other men but what were inferior to him, or whatever it was, he carried it so far, that his whole delight was in finding out new fools, and, as our phrase is, playing them off, and making them show themselves to advantage. A priest of his former acquaintance suffered a great many disappointments in attempting to find access to him in a regular character, till at last in despair he retired from Rome, and returned in an equipage so very fantastical, both as to the dress of himself and his servants, that the whole court were in an emulation who should first introduce him to his holiness. What added to the expectation his holiness had of the pleasure he should have in his follies, was, that this fellow, in a dress the most exquisitely ridiculous, desired he might speak to him alone, for he had matters of the highest importance upon which he

wanted a conference. Nothing could be denied to a coxcomb of so great hope: but when they were apart, the impostor revealed himself, and spoke as follows:

‘Do not be surprised, most holy father, at seeing, instead of a coxcomb to laugh at, your old friend, who has taken this way of access to admonish you of your own folly. Can any thing show your holiness how unworthily you treat mankind, more than my being put upon this difficulty to speak with you? It is a degree of folly to delight to see it in others, and it is the greatest insolence imaginable to rejoice in the disgrace of human nature. It is a criminal humility in a person of your holiness’s understanding, to believe you can not excel but in the conversation of half wits, humourists, coxcombs, and buffoons. If your holiness has a mind to be diverted like a rational man, you have a great opportunity for it, in disrobing all the impertinents you have favoured of all their riches and trappings at once, and bestowing them on the humble, the virtuous, and the meek. If your holiness is not concerned for the sake of virtue and religion, be pleased to reflect, that, for the sake of your own safety, it is not proper to be so very much in jest. When the pope is thus merry, the people will in time begin to think many things which they have hitherto beheld with great veneration, are in themselves objects of scorn and derision. If they once get a trick of knowing how to laugh, your holiness’s saying this sentence in one night-cap, and the other with the other, the change of your slippers, bringing you your staff in the midst of your prayer, then stripping you of one

vest, and clapping on a second during divine service, will be found out to have nothing in it. Consider, sir, that at this rate a head will be reckoned never the wiser for being bald, and the ignorant will be apt to say, that going barefoot does not at all help on in the way to heaven. The red cap and the cowl will fall under the same contempt; and the vulgar will tell us to our faces, that we shall have no authority over them but from the force of our arguments and the sanctity of our lives.' T.

No. 498. WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1. *By Steele.*

— *Frustra retinacula tendens
Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.* VIRG.

Nor reins, nor curbs, nor cries, the horses fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer. DRYDEN.

To the Spectator-General of Great Britain.

From the further end of the Widow's Coffee-house in Devereux Court, Monday evening, twenty-eight minutes and a half past six.

' DEAR DUMB,

' IN short, to use no further preface, if I should tell you that I have seen a hackney coachman, when he has come to set down his fare, which has consisted of two or three very fine ladies, hand them out, and salute every one of them with an air of familiarity, without giving the least offence, you would perhaps think me guilty of a gasconade. But to clear myself from that imputation, and to explain this matter to

you, I assure you that there are many illustrious youths within this city, who frequently recreate themselves by driving of a hackney coach; but those whom, above all others, I would recommend to you, are the young gentlemen belonging to the Inns of court. We have, I think, about a dozen coachmen who have chambers here in the temple: and as it is reasonable to believe others will follow their example, we may perhaps in time (if it shall be thought convenient) be drove to Westminster by our own fraternity, allowing every fifth person to apply his meditations this way, which is but a modest computation as the humour is now likely to take. It is to be hoped likewise, that there are in the other nurseries of the law to be found a proportionable number of these hopeful plants, springing up to the everlasting renown of their native country. Of how long standing this humour has been, I know not; the first time I had any particular reason to take notice of it, was about this time twelve-month, when being upon Hampstead-heath with some of these studious young men, who went thither purely for the sake of contemplation, nothing would serve them but I must go through a course of this philosophy too; and being ever willing to embellish myself with any commendable qualification, it was not long ere they persuaded me into the coach-box; nor indeed much longer before I underwent the fate of my brother Phæton; for having drove about fifty paces with pretty good success, through my own natural sagacity, together with the good instructions of my tutors, who to give them their due, were on all hands encouraging and assisting me in this laudable

undertaking; I say, sir, having drove about fifty paces with pretty good success, I must needs be exercising the lash, which the horses resented so ill from my hands, that they gave a sudden start, and thereby pitched me directly upon my head, as I very well remembered about half an hour afterwards, which not only deprived me of all the knowledge I had gained for fifty yards before, but had like to have broke my neck into the bargain. After such a severe reprimand, you may imagine I was not very easily prevailed with to make a second attempt; and indeed, upon mature deliberation, the whole science seemed, at least to me, to be surrounded with so many difficulties, that notwithstanding the unknown advantages which might have accrued to me thereby, I gave over all hopes of attaining it; and I believe had never thought of it more, but that my memory has been lately refreshed, by seeing some of these ingenious gentlemen ply in the open streets; one of which I saw receive so suitable a reward of his labours, that though I know you are no friend to story-telling, yet I must beg leave to trouble you with this at large.

‘About a fortnight since, as I was diverting myself with a penny-worth of walnuts at the Temple-gate, a lively young fellow in a fustian jacket shot by me, beckoned a coach, and told the coachman he wanted to go as far as Chelsea: they agreed upon the price, and this young gentleman mounts the coach box; the fellow staring at him, desired to know if he should not drive until they were out of town? No, no, replied he: he was then going to climb up to him, but received another check, and was then ordered to

get into the coach, or behind it, for that he wanted no instructors; but be sure you dog you, says he, don't you bilk me. The fellow thereupon surrendered his whip, scratched his head, and crept into the coach. Having myself occasion to go into the Strand about the same time, we started both together; but the street being very full of coaches, and he not so able a coachman as perhaps he imagined himself, I had soon got a little way before him; often, however, having the curiosity to cast my eye back upon him, to observe how he behaved himself in this high station, which he did with great composure, till he came to the pass, which is a military term the brothers of the whip have given to the strait at St. Clement's church; when he was arrived near this place, where are always coaches in waiting, the coachmen began to suck up the muscles of their cheeks, and to tip the wink upon each other, as if they had some roguery in their heads, which I was immediately convinced of; for he no sooner came within reach, but the first of them with his whip took the exact dimensions of his shoulders, which he very ingeniously called *endorsing*; and indeed I must say, that every one of them took due care to endorse him as he came through their hands. He seemed at first a little uneasy under the operation, and was going in all haste to take the numbers of their coaches; but at length by the mediation of the worthy gentleman in the coach, his wrath was assuaged, and he prevailed upon to pursue his journey; though indeed I thought they had clapt such a spoke in his wheel as had disabled him from being a coachman for that day at least; for I am much mistaken, Mr. Spec, if

some of these endorsements were not wrote in so strong a hand that they are still legible. Upon my inquiring the reason of this unusual salutation, they told me it was a custom among them, whenever they saw a brother tottering or unstable in his post, to lend him a hand, in order to settle him again therein; for my part, I thought their allegations but reasonable, and so marched off. Besides our coachmen, we abound in divers other sorts of ingenious robust youth, who, I hope, will not take it ill if I defer giving you an account of their several recreations to another opportunity. In the mean time, if you would but bestow a little of your wholesome advice upon our coachmen, it might perhaps be a reprieve to some of their necks. As I understand you have several inspectors under you, if you would but send one amongst us here in the temple, I am persuaded he would not want employment. But I leave this to your own consideration, and am, sir, your very humble servant,

‘MOSES GREENBAG.’

‘P. S. I have heard our critics in the coffee-houses hereabout talk mightily of the unity of time and place; according to my notion of the matter, I have endeavoured at something like it in the beginning of my epistle. I desire to be informed a little as to that particular. In my next I design to give you some account of excellent watermen who are bred to the law, and far outdo the land students abovementioned.’ T.

No. 499. THURSDAY, OCT. 2. *By Addison.*

— *Nimis unciis*
Naribus indulges—

PERR.

— You drive the jest too far.

DRYDEN.

My friend Will Honeycomb has told me, for about this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a Spectator, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my works. This morning I received from him the following letter, which, after having rectified some little orthographical mistakes, I shall make a present of to the public.

‘ DEAR SPEC,

‘ I was, about two nights ago, in company with very agreeable young people of both sexes, where, talking of some of your papers which are written on conjugal love, there arose a dispute among us, whether there were not more bad husbands in the world than bad wives. A gentleman, who was advocate for the ladies, took this occasion to tell us the story of a famous siege in Germany, which I have since found related in my historical dictionary after the following manner: When the emperor Conrade the third had besieged Guelphus, duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensberg, the women, finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the emperor that they might depart out of it with so much as each of them could carry. The emperor, knowing they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition; when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place with

every one her husband upon her back. The emperor was so moved at the sight that he burst into tears; and after having very much extolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives, and received the duke into his favour.

‘The ladies did not a little triumph at this story, asking us at the same time, whether in our consciences we believed that the men in any town of Great Britain would, upon the same offer, and at the same conjuncture, have loaden themselves with their wives; or rather, whether they would not have been glad of such an opportunity to get rid of them? To this my very good friend, Tom Dapperwit, who took upon him to be the mouth of our sex, replied, that they would be very much to blame if they would not do the same good office for the women, considering that their strength would be greater, and their burdens lighter. As we were amusing ourselves with discourses of this nature in order to pass away the evening, which now begins to grow tedious, we fell into that laudable and primitive diversion of questions and commands. I was no sooner vested with the regal authority, but I enjoined all the ladies, under pain of my displeasure, to tell the company ingenuously, in case they had been in the siege abovementioned, and had the same offers made them as the good women of that place, what every one of them would have brought off with her, and have thought most worth the saving? There were several merry answers made to my question, which entertained us till bed-time. This filled my mind with such a huddle of ideas, that

upon my going to sleep I fell into the following dream.

‘I saw a town in this island, which shall be nameless, invested on every side, and the inhabitants of it so straitened as to cry for quarter. The general refused any other terms than those granted to the abovementioned town of Hensberg, namely, that the married women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the city gates flew open, and a female procession appeared, multitudes of the sex following one another in a row, and staggering under their respective burdens. I took my stand upon an eminence in the enemy’s camp, which was appointed for the general rendezvous of these female carriers, being very desirous to look into their several loadings. The first of them had a huge sack upon her shoulders, which she set down with great care; upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her husband shot out of it, I found it was filled with china-ware. The next appeared in a more decent figure, carrying a handsome young fellow upon her back; I could not forbear commending the young woman for her conjugal affection, when, to my great surprise, I found that she had left the good man at home, and brought away her gallant. I saw the third, at some distance, with a little withered face peeping over her shoulder, whom I could not suspect for any but her spouse, till, upon her setting him down, I heard her call him dear pug, and found him to be her favourite monkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along with her: and the fifth a Bologna lap-dog; for her husband, it seems, being a very burly man, she

thought it would be less trouble for her to bring away little Cupid. The next was the wife of a rich usurer, laden with a bag of gold; she told us that her spouse was very old, and by the course of nature could not expect to live long; and that to show her tender regard for him, she had saved that which the poor man loved better than his life. The next came towards us with her son upon her back, who, we were told, was the greatest rake in the place, but so much the mother's darling, that she left her husband behind, with a large family of hopeful sons and daughters, for the sake of this graceless youth.

'It would be endless to mention the several persons, with their several loads, that appeared to me in this strange vision. All the place about me was covered with packs of ribands, brocades, embroidery, and ten thousand other materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole street of toy-shops. One of the women, having a husband who was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her shoulders, at the same time that she carried a great bundle of Flanders lace under her arm; but finding herself so overladen that she could not save both of them, she dropped the good man, and brought away the bundle. In short, I found but one husband among this great mountain of baggage, who was a lively cobbler that kicked and spurred all the while his wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, he had scarce passed a day in his life without giving her the discipline of the strap.

'I can not conclude my letter, dear Spec, without telling thee one very odd whim in this my dream. I saw, methought, a dozen women em-

played in bringing off one man; I could not guess who it should be, till upon his nearer approach I discovered thy short phiz. The women all declared that it was for the sake of thy works, and not thy person, that they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that thou shouldst continue the Spectator. If thou thinkest this dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy service from, dear Spec, thine, sleeping and waking,

‘WILL HONEYCOMB.’

The ladies will see, by this letter, what I have often told them, that Will is one of those old-fashioned men of wit and pleasure of the town, that shows his parts by raillery on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without success. I can not however dismiss this letter, without observing, that the true story on which it is built does honour to the sex, and that in order to abuse them, the writer is obliged to have recourse to dream and fiction. O.

No. 500. FRIDAY, OCT. 3. *By Steele.*

——— *Huc natus adjice septem,
Et totidem juvenes; et mox generosque nurusque.
Quærite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam.*

OVID.

Seven are my daughters, of a form divine,
With seven fair sons, an indefective line.
Go, fools, consider this, and ask the cause
From which my pride its strong presumption draws.

CROXAL.

‘ SIR,

‘ You who are so well acquainted with the story of Socrates, must have read how, upon his making a discourse concerning love, he pressed his point with so much success, that all the bachelors in his audience took a resolution to marry by the first opportunity, and that all the married men immediately took horse and galloped home to their wives. I am apt to think your discourses, in which you have drawn so many agreeable pictures of marriage, have had a very good effect this way in England. We are obliged to you at least for having taken off that senseless ridicule, which for many years the wittlings of the town have turned upon their fathers and mothers. For my own part, I was born in wedlock, and I don’t care who knows it; for which reason, among many others, I should look upon myself as a most insufferable coxcomb, did I endeavour to maintain that cuckoldom was inseparable from marriage, or to make use of husband and wife as terms of reproach. Nay, sir, I will go one step further, and declare to you before the whole world, that I am a married man, and at the same

time I have so much assurance as not to be ashamed of what I have done.

‘Among the several pleasures that accompany this state of life, and which you have described in your former papers, there are two you have not taken notice of, and which are seldom cast into the account by those who write on this subject. You must have observed, in your speculations on human nature, that nothing is more gratifying to the mind of man than power or dominion; and this I think myself amply possessed of, as I am the father of a family. I am perpetually taken up in giving out orders, in prescribing duties, in hearing parties, in administering justice, and in distributing rewards and punishments. To speak in the language of the Centurion, ‘I say unto one, go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh; and to my servant, do this, and he doeth it.’ In short, sir, I look upon my family as a patriarchal sovereignty, in which I am myself both king and priest. All great governments are nothing else but clusters of these little private royalties, and therefore I consider the masters of families as small deputy governors, presiding over the several little parcels and divisions of their fellow-subjects. As I take great pleasure in the administration of my government in particular, so I look upon myself not only as a more useful, but as a much greater and happier man than any bachelor in England of my rank and condition.

‘There is another accidental advantage in marriage, which has likewise fallen to my share, I mean the having a multitude of children. These I can not but regard as very great blessings.

When I see my little troop before me, I rejoice in the additions which I have made to my species, to my country, and to my religion, in having produced such a number of reasonable creatures, citizens, and christians. I am pleased to see myself thus perpetuated: and as there is no production comparable to that of a human creature, I am more proud of having been the occasion of ten such glorious productions, than if I had built a hundred pyramids at my own expense, or published as many volumes of the finest wit and learning. In what a beautiful light has the holy scripture represented Abdon, one of the judges of Israel, who had forty sons and thirty grandsons, that rode on three score and ten ass-colts, according to the magnificence of the eastern countries. How must the heart of the old man rejoice, when he saw such a beautiful procession of his own descendants, such a numerous cavalcade of his own raising! For my own part, I can sit in my parlour with great content, when I take a review of half a dozen of my little boys mounting upon hobby-horses, and of as many little girls tutoring their babies, each of them endeavouring to excel the rest, and to do something that may gain my favour and approbation. I can not question but He who has blessed me with so many children, will assist my endeavours in providing for them. There is one thing I am able to give each of them, which is a virtuous education. I think it is sir Francis Bacon's observation, that, in a numerous family of children, the eldest is often spoiled by the prospect of an estate, and the youngest by being the darling of the parents; but that some one or other in the middle,

who has not perhaps been regarded, has made his way in the world, and overtopped the rest. It is my business to implant in every one of my children the same seeds of industry, and the same honest principles. By this means I think I have a fair chance, that one or other of them may grow considerable in some or other way of life, whether it be in the army or in the fleet, in trade, or any of the three learned professions; for you must know, sir, that from long experience and observation, I am persuaded of what seems a paradox to most of those with whom I converse, namely, that a man who has many children, and gives them a good education, is more likely to raise a family than he who has but one, notwithstanding he leaves him his whole estate. For this reason I can not forbear amusing myself with finding out a general, an admiral, or an alderman of London, a divine, a physician, or a lawyer, among my little people who are now perhaps in petticoats; and when I see the motherly airs of my little daughters when they are playing with their puppets, I can not but flatter myself that their husbands and children will be happy in the possession of such wives and mothers.

‘If you are a father, you will not perhaps think this letter impertinent: but if you are a single man, you will not know the meaning of it, and probably throw it into the fire; whatever you determine of it, you may assure yourself that it comes from one who is your most humble servant and well-wisher,

T.

‘PHILOGAMUS.’

No. 501. SATURDAY, OCT. 4. *By Dr. Parnell.*

*Durum: sed levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

HOR.

'Tis hard: but when we needs must bear,
Enduring patience makes the burden light.

CREECH.

As some of the finest compositions among the ancients are in allegory, I have endeavoured, in several of my papers, to revive that way of writing, and hope I have not been altogether unsuccessful in it; for I find there is always a great demand for those particular papers, and can not but observe that several authors have endeavoured of late to excel in works of this nature. Among these, I do not know any one who has succeeded better than a very ingenious gentleman to whom I am obliged for the following piece, and who was the author of the vision in the 460th paper. O.:

'How are we tortured with the absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us! What excursions does the soul make in imagination after it! And how does it turn into itself again, more foolishly fond and dejected, at the disappointment! Our grief, instead of having recourse to reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further nourishment. It calls upon memory to relate the several passages and circumstances of satisfaction which we formerly enjoyed; the pleasures we purchased by those riches that are taken from us; or the power and splendour of our departed honours; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections

of our friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence, that the passion should often swell to such a size as to burst the heart which contains it, if time did not make these circumstances less strong and lively, so that reason should become a more equal match for the passion, or if another desire which becomes more present did not overpower them with a livelier representation. These are thoughts which I had when I fell into a kind of vision upon this subject, and may therefore stand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

‘I found myself upon a naked shore, with company, whose afflicted countenances witnessed their conditions. Before us flowed a water, deep, silent, and called the river of Tears, which issuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompassed an island that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overset by the impatience and haste of single passengers to arrive at the other side. This immediately was brought to us by Misfortune who steers it; and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a woman of a mild and composed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the dangers which would attend our voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for Patience, and some of those too who till then cried the loudest, were persuaded by her and returned back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose good nature would not suffer her to forsake persons in trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she might at last administer some small comfort or advice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked

but the boat was pushed off, the sheet was spread, and being filled with sighs, which are the winds of that country, we made a passage to the farther bank, through several difficulties of which the most of us seemed utterly regardless.

‘ When we landed, we perceived the island to be strangely overcast with fogs, which no brightness could pierce, so that a kind of gloomy horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it very shocking to easy tempers, inso-much that some others, whom Patience had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themselves round the verge of the island to find a ford by which she told them they might escape.

‘ For my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the centre of the place, and joining ourselves to others whom we found upon the same journey, we marched solemnly, as at a funeral, through bordering hedges of rosemary, and through a grove of yew-trees, which love to overshadow tombs, and flourish in church yards. Here we heard on every side the wailings and complaints of several of the inhabitants, who had cast themselves disconsolately at the feet of trees; and, as we chanced to approach any one of these, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, or after some other manner visibly agitated with vexation. Our sorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard and saw, and one of our number was wrought up to such a pitch of wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a bough which shot temptingly across the path we travelled in; but he was restrained from

it by the kind endeavours of our abovementioned companion.

‘ We had now gotten into the most dusky silent part of the island, and by the redoubled sounds of sighs, which made a doleful whistling in the branches, the thickness of air which occasioned faintish respiration, and the violent throbbings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the grotto of Grief. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, sunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. These crept slow and half congealed amongst its windings, and mixed their heavy murmurs with the echo of groans that rolled through all the passages. In the most retired part of it sat the doleful being herself; the path to her was strewed with goads, stings, and thorns; and her throne on which she sat was broken into a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy mist hung above her; her head oppressed with it reclined upon her arm: thus did she reign over her disconsolate subjects, full of herself to stupidity, in eternal pensiveness and the profoundest silence. On one side of her stood Dejection just dropping into a swoon, and Paleness wasting to a skeleton; on the other side were Care inwardly tormented with imaginations, and Anguish suffering outward troubles to suck the blood from her heart in the shape of vultures. The whole vault had a genuine dismalness in it, which a few scattered lamps, whose bluish flames arose and sunk in their urns, discovered to our eyes with increase. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the

way, and were given over to those tormentors that stood on either hand of the presence; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance where Patience, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

‘With her (whose company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the grotto, and ascended at the back of it out of the mournful dale in whose bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath; and lifting our eyes, which till then were fixed downwards, felt a sudden sort of satisfaction, in observing through the shades what numbers had entered the island. This satisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it, was excusable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concerns to have respect to that of others; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn estate. It had also the groundwork of humanity and compassion in it, though the mind was then too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards, it began to discover itself, and, from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another when it was that we met and what were the sad occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and so by degrees became tolerable company.

‘A considerable part of the troublesome road was thus deceived; at length the openings among the trees grew larger, the air seemed thinner, it

lay with less oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern tracks in it of a lighter grayness, like the breakings of day, short in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country *gleams of amusement*. Within a short while these gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter, and of a longer continuance; the sighs that hitherto filled the air with so much dolefulness, altered to the sound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the island were abated.

‘When we had arrived at last at the ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who, being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the shore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that, by showing themselves to the world only at the time when we did, they might seem also to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters that rolled on the other side so deep and silent were much dried up, and it was an easier matter for us to wade over.

‘The river being crossed, we were received upon the further bank by our friends and acquaintance, whom Comfort had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of these blamed us for staying so long away from them, others advised us against all temptations of going back again: every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by asking any particulars of the journey; and all concluded, that in a case of so much melancholy and affliction we could not have made choice of a fitter companion than Patience. Here Patience, appearing serene

at her praises, delivered us over to Comfort. Comfort smiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the sky purpled on that side to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.'

No. 502. MONDAY, OCT. 6. *By Steele.*

Melius, pejus, prosit, obsit, nil vident nisi quod lubent.

TER. Heaut. act. 4. sc. 1.

Better or worse, profitable or disadvantageous, they see nothing but what they list.

WHEN men read, they taste the matter with which they are entertained according as their own respective studies and inclinations have prepared them, and make their reflections accordingly. Some perusing Roman writers would find in them, whatever the subject of the discourses were, parts which implied the grandeur of that people in their welfare or their politics. As for my part, who am a mere Spectator, I drew this morning conclusions of their eminence in what I think great, to wit, in having worthy sentiments, from the reading a comedy of Terence. The play was the Self-Tormentor. It is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not observe in the whole one passage that could raise a laugh. How well disposed must that people be who could be entertained with satisfaction by so sober and polite mirth? In the first scene of the comedy, when one of the old men accuses the other of impertinence for inter-

posing in his affairs, he answers, *I am a man, and can not help feeling any sorrow that can arrive at man.* It is said, this sentence was received with an universal applause. There can not be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people, than a sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it. If it were spoken with ever so great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but people of the greatest humanity, nay, people elegant and skilful in observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his hand on his breast, and, with a winning insinuation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbour that he was a man who made his case his own; yet I'll engage a player in Covent-Garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded. I have heard that a minister of state, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, had all manner of books and ballads brought to him, (a) of what kind soever, and took great notice how much they took with the people; upon which he would, and certainly might, very well judge of their present dispositions, and the most proper way of applying them according to his own purposes. What passes on the stage, and the reception it meets with from the audience, is a very useful instruction of this kind. According to what you may observe on our stage, you see them often moved so directly against all common sense and humanity, that you would be apt to pronounce us a nation of savages. It can not be called a mistake of what is pleasant, but the very contrary to it is what

most assuredly takes with them. The other night, an old woman, carried off with a pain in her side, with all the distortions and anguish of countenance, which is natural to one in that condition, was laughed and clapped off the stage. Terence's comedy, which I am speaking of, is indeed written as if he hoped to please none but such as had as good a taste as himself. I could not but reflect upon the natural description of the innocent young woman, made by the servant to his master. 'When I came to the house (said he) an old woman opened the door, and I followed her in, because I could, by entering upon them unawares, better observe what was your mistress's ordinary manner of spending her time, the only way of judging any one's inclinations and genius. I found her at her needle, in a sort of second mourning, which she wore for an aunt she had lately lost. She had nothing on but what showed she dressed only for herself. Her hair hung negligently about her shoulders. She had none of the arts with which others use to set themselves off, but had that negligence of person which is remarkable in those who are careful of their minds.—Then she had a maid who was at work near her, that was a slattern, because her mistress was careless; which I take to be another argument of your security in her; for the *go-betweens* of women of intrigue are rewarded too well to be dirty. When you were named, and I told her you desired to see her, she threw down her work for joy, covered her face, and decently hid her tears.'—He must be a very good actor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the author, that

could gain it among us for this speech, though so full of nature and good sense.

The intolerable folly and confidence of players putting in words of their own, does in a great measure feed the absurd taste of the audience. But however that is, it is ordinary for a cluster of coxcombs to take up the house to themselves, and equally insult both the actors and the company. These savages, who want all manner of regard and deference to the rest of mankind, come only to show themselves to us, without any other purpose than to let us know they despise us.

The gross of an audience is composed of two sorts of people, those who know no pleasure but of the body, and those who improve or command corporeal pleasures by the addition of fine sentiments of the mind. At present the intelligent part of the company are wholly subdued by the insurrections of those who know no satisfactions but what they have in common with all other animals.

This is the reason that when a scene tending to procreation is acted, you see the whole pit in such a chuckle, and old lechers, with mouths open, stare at the loose gesticulations on the stage with shameful earnestness; when the justest pictures of human life in its calm dignity, and the properest sentiments for the conduct of it, pass by like mere narration, as conducing only to somewhat much better which is to come after. I have seen the whole house at some times in so proper a disposition, that indeed I have trembled for the boxes, and feared the en-

tertainment would end in the representation of the rape of the Sabines.

I would not be understood in this talk to argue, that nothing is tolerable on the stage but what has an immediate tendency to the promotion of virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is nothing against the interests of virtue, and is not offensive to good manners, that things of an indifferent nature may be represented. For this reason I have no exception to the well-drawn rusticities in the *Country-wake*; and there is something so miraculously pleasant in Dogget's acting the awkward triumph and comic sorrow of Hob in different circumstances, that I shall not be able to stay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the gallantry of taking the cudgels for Gloucestershire, with the pride of heart in tucking himself up, and taking aim at his adversary, as well as the other's protestation, in the humanity of low romance, that he could not promise the 'squire to break Hob's head, but he would, if he could, do it in love; then flourish and begin; I say, what vexes me is, that such excellent touches as these, as well as the 'squire's being out of all patience at Hob's success, and venturing himself into the crowd, are circumstances hardly taken notice of, and the height of the jest is only in the very point that heads are broken. I am confident, were there a scene written, wherein Penkethman should break his leg by wrestling with Bullock, and Dickie come in to set it, without one word said but what should be according to the exact rules of surgery in making this extension, and binding up his leg, the whole house should be in a roar

of applause at the dissembled anguish of the patient, the help given by him who threw him down, and the handy address and arch looks of the surgeon. To enumerate the entrance of ghosts, the embattling of armies, the noise of heroes in love, with a thousand other enormities, would be to transgress the bounds of this paper, for which reason it is possible they may have hereafter distinct discourses; not forgetting any of the audience who shall set up for actors, and interrupt the play on the stage: and players who shall prefer the applause of fools to that of the reasonable part of the company. (b) T.

No. 503. TUESDAY, OCT. 7. *By Steele.*

Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres.

TER.

From henceforward I blot out of my thoughts all memory of womankind.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You have often mentioned with great vehemence and indignation the misbehaviour of people at church; but I am at present to talk to you on that subject, and complain to you of one, whom at the same time I know not what to accuse of, except it be looking too well there, and diverting the eyes of the congregation to that one object. However, I have this to say, that she might have staid at her own parish, and not come to perplex those who are otherwise intent upon their duty.

‘Last Sunday was se’nnight I went into a church not far from London bridge; but I wish I

had been contented to go to my own parish, I am sure it had been better for me: I say, I went to church thither, and got into a pew very near the pulpit. I had hardly been accommodated with a seat, before there entered into the aisle a young lady in the very bloom of youth and beauty, and dressed in the most elegant manner imaginable. Her form was such, that it engaged the eyes of the whole congregation in an instant; and mine among the rest. Though we were all thus fixed upon her, she was not in the least out of countenance; or under the least disorder, though unattended by any one, and not seeming to know particularly where to place herself. However, she had not in the least a confident aspect, but moved on with the most graceful modesty; every one making way till she came to a seat just over-against that in which I was placed. The deputy of the ward sat in that pew, and she stood opposite to him, and at a glance into the seat, though she did not appear the least acquainted with the gentleman, was let in, with a confusion that spoke much admiration at the novelty of the thing. The service immediately began, and she composed herself for it with an air of so much goodness and sweetness, that the confession which she uttered so as to be heard where I sat, appeared an act of humiliation more than she had occasion for. The truth is, her beauty had something so innocent, and yet so sublime, that we all gazed upon her like a phantom. None of the pictures which we behold of the best Italian painters, have any thing like the spirit which appeared in her countenance, at the different sentiments expressed in the several parts of divine service: that

gratitude and joy at a thanksgiving, that lowliness and sorrow at the prayers for the sick and distressed, that triumph at the passages which gave instances of the divine mercy, which appeared respectively in her aspect, will be in my memory to my last hour. I protest to you, sir, she suspended the devotion of every one around her; and the ease she did every thing with, soon dispersed the churlish dislike and hesitation in approving what is excellent, too frequent among us, to a general attention and entertainment in observing her behaviour. All the while that we were gazing at her, she took notice of no object about her, but had an art of seeming awkwardly attentive, whatever else her eyes were accidentally thrown upon. One thing indeed was particular, she stood the whole service, and never kneeled or sat: I do not question but that was to show herself with the greater advantage, and set forth to better grace her hands and arms, lifted up with the most ardent devotion, and her bosom, the fairest that ever was seen, bare to observation; whilst she, you must think, knew nothing of the concern she gave others, any other than as an example of devotion, that threw herself out, without regard to dress or garment, all contrition, and loose of all worldly regards, in ecstasy of devotion. Well, now the organ was to play a voluntary, and she was so skilful in music, and so touched with it, that she kept time, not only with some motion of her head, but also with a different air in her countenance. When the music was strong and bold, she looked exalted, but serious; when lively and airy, she was smiling and gracious; when the notes were most soft and languishing,

she was kind and full of pity. When she had now made it visible to the whole congregation, by her motion and ear, that she could dance, and she wanted now only to inform us that she could sing too; when the psalm was given out, her voice was distinguished above all the rest, or rather people did not exert their own in order to hear her. Never was any heard so sweet and so strong. The organist observed it, and he thought fit to play to her only, and she swelled every note when she found she had thrown us all out, and had the last verse to herself in such a manner as the whole congregation was intent upon her, in the same manner as we see in the cathedrals they are on the person who sings alone the anthem. Well, it came at last to the sermon, and our young lady would not lose her part in that neither, for she fixed her eye upon the preacher, and as he said any thing she approved, with one of Charles Mather's fine tablets she set down the sentence, at once showing her fine hand, the gold pen, her readiness in writing, and her judgment in choosing what to write. To sum up what I intend by this long and particular account, I mean to appeal to you, whether it is reasonable that such a creature as this shall come from a janty part of the town, and give herself such violent airs, to the disturbance of an innocent and inoffensive congregation, with her sublimities. The fact, I assure you, was as I have related; but I had like to have forgot another very considerable particular. As soon as church was done, she immediately stepped out of her pew, and fell into the finest pitty-patty air, forsooth, wonderfully out of countenance, tossing her head up and down, as she swam along the

body of the church. I, with several others of the inhabitants, followed her out, and saw her hold up her fan to a hackney-coach at a distance, who immediately came up to her, and she whipped into it with great nimbleness, pulled the door with a bowing mien, as if she had been used to a better glass. She said aloud, you know where to go, and drove off. By this time the best of the congregation was at the church-door, and I could hear some say, a very fine lady; others, I'll warrant you she's no better than she should be; and one very wise old lady said, she ought to have been taken up. Mr. Spectator, I think this matter lies wholly before you; for the offence does not come under any law, though it is apparent this creature came among us only to give herself airs, and enjoy her full swing in being admired. I desire you would print this, that she may be confined to her own parish; for I can assure you there is no attending any thing else in a place where she is a novelty. She has been talked of among us ever since under the name of the Phantom: but I would advise her to come no more; for there is so strong a party made by the women against her, that she must expect they will not be excelled a second time in so outrageous a manner, without doing her some insult. Young women, who assume after this rate, and affect exposing themselves to view in congregations at t'other end of the town, are not so mischievous, because they are rivalled by more of the same ambition, who will not let the rest of the company be particular: but in the name of the whole congregation where I was, I desire you to keep these agreeable disturbances out of the city, where sobriety of man-

ners is still preserved, and all glaring and ostentatious behaviour, even in things laudable, discountenanced. I wish you may never see the Phantom, and am, sir, your most humble servant,
T. ‘RALPH WONDER.’*

No. 504. WEDNESDAY, OCT. 8. *By Steele.*

Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quæris.

TII.

You are a hare yourself, and want dainties, forsooth.

It is a great convenience to those who want wit to furnish out a conversation, that there is something or other in all companies where it is wanted substituted in its stead, which, according to their taste, does the business as well. Of this nature is the agreeable pastime in country-halls, of cross purposes, questions, and commands, and the like. A little superior to these are those who can play at crambo, or cap verses. Then above them are such as can make verses, that is, rhyme; and among those who have the Latin tongue, such as use to make what they call *golden verses*. Commend me also to those who have not brains enough for any of these exercises, and yet do not give up their pretensions to mirth. These can slap you on the back unawares, laugh loud, ask you how you do with a twang on your shoulders, say you are dull to-day, and laugh a voluntary to put you in humour; not to mention the laborious way among the minor poets, of making things

* Continued, No. 515.

come into such and such a shape, as that of an egg, a hand, an axe, or any thing that nobody had ever thought on before, for that purpose, or which would have cost a great deal of pains to accomplish it if they did. But all these methods, though they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the smallest capacity, do not serve an honest gentleman who wants wit for his ordinary occasions; therefore it is absolutely necessary that the poor in imagination should have something which may be serviceable to them at all hours upon all common occurrences. That which we call punning is therefore greatly affected by men of small intellects. These men need not be concerned with you for the whole sentence; but if they can say a quaint thing, or bring in a word which sounds like any one word you have spoken to them, they can turn the discourse, or distract you, so that you can not go on, and by consequence, if they can not be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus, if you talk of a candle, he *can deal* with you; and if you ask him to help you to some bread, a punster should think himself very *ill-bred* if he did not; and if he is not as *well-bred* as yourself, he hopes for *grains* of allowance. If you do not understand that last fancy, you must recollect that bread is made of grain; and so they go on for ever, without possibility of being exhausted.

There are another kind of people of small faculties, who supply want of wit with want of breeding; and because women are both by nature and education more offended at any thing which is immodest than we men are, these are

ever harping upon things they ought not to allude to, and deal mightily in double meanings. Every one's own observation will suggest instances enough of this kind, without my mentioning any; for your double meaners are dispersed up and down through all parts of the town or city where there are any to offend, in order to set off themselves. These men are mighty loud laughers, and held very pretty gentlemen with the sillier and unbred part of womankind. But above all already mentioned, or any who ever were, or ever can be in the world, the happiest and surest to be pleasant, are a sort of people whom we have not indeed lately heard much of, and those are your *biters*.

A *biter* is one who tells you a thing you have no reason to disbelieve in itself, and perhaps has given you, before he bit you, no reason to disbelieve it for his saying it; and if you give him credit, laughs in your face, and triumphs that he has deceived you. In a word, a *biter* is one who thinks you a fool, because you do not think him a knave. This description of him one may insist upon to be a just one; for what else but a degree of knavery is it, to depend upon deceit for what you gain of another, be it in point of wit, or interest, or any thing else?

This way of wit is called *biting*, by a metaphor taken from beasts of prey, which devour harmless and unarmed animals, and look upon them as their food wherever they meet them. The sharpeners about town very ingeniously understood themselves to be to the undesigning part of mankind what foxes are to lambs, and therefore used the word *biting*, to express any exploit wherein

they had over-reached any innocent and inadvertent man of his purse. These rascals of late years have been the gallants of the town, and carried it, with a fashionable haughty air, to the discouragement of modesty and all honest arts. Shallow fops, who are governed by the eye, and admire every thing that struts in vogue, took up from the sharpeners the phrase of *biting*, and used it upon all occasions, either to disown any nonsensical stuff they should talk themselves, or evade the force of what was reasonably said by others. Thus, when one of these cunning creatures was entered into a debate with you, whether it was practicable in the present state of affairs to accomplish such a proposition, and you thought he had let fall what destroyed his side of the question, as soon as you looked with an earnestness ready to lay hold of it, he immediately cried, *bite*, and you were immediately to acknowledge all that part was in jest. They carry this to all the extravagance imaginable; and if one of these witlings knows any particulars which may give authority to what he says, he is still the more ingenious if he imposes upon your credulity. I remember a remarkable instance of this kind. There came up a shrewd young fellow to a plain young man, his countryman, and taking him aside with a grave concerned countenance, goes on at this rate: I see you here, and have you heard nothing out of Yorkshire? You look so surprised you could not have heard of it—and yet the particulars are such that it can not be false; I am sorry I am got into it so far that I now must tell you; but I know not but it may be for your service to know——on Tuesday last

just after dinner—you know his manner is to smoke, opening his box, your father fell down dead in an apoplexy. The youth showed the filial sorrow which he ought—upon which the witty man cried, *bite*, there is nothing in all this.

To put an end to this silly, pernicious, frivolous way at once, I will give the reader one late instance of a *bite* which no *biter* for the future will ever be able to equal, though I heartily wish him the same occasion. It is a superstition with some surgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the jail and bargain for the carcass with the criminal himself. A good honest fellow did so last sessions, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died. The surgeon communicated his business and fell into discourse with a little fellow, who refused twelve shillings, and insisted upon fifteen for his body. The fellow, who killed the officer of Newgate, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, told him, Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half starved all his life, and is now half dead with fear, can not answer your purpose. I have ever lived highly and freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in imprisonment, you see my crest swells to your knife, and after Jack Catch has done, upon my honour you'll find me as sound as e'er a bullock in any of the markets. Come, for twenty shillings I am your man—says the surgeon, done, there's a guinea—This witty rogue took the money, and as soon as he had it in his fist, cries, *bite*, I am to be hanged in chains. T.

No. 505. THURSDAY, OCT. 9. *By Addison.*

*Non habeo denique nauci Marsum augurem,
Non vicinos aruspices, non de circo astrologos,
Non Isiacos conjectores, non interpretes somnium:
Non enim sunt ii, aut scientia, aut arte divina,
Sed superstitiosi vates, impudentesque harioli,
Aut inertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas imperat:
Qui sui questus causa fictus suscitant sententias,
Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam,
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt:
De divitiis, deducant drachmam, reddunt cætera.*

EN.

Augurs and soothsayers, astrologers,
Diviners, and interpreters of dreams,
I ne'er consult, and heartily despise:
Vain their pretence to more than human skill:
For gain imaginary schemes they draw;
Wand'ers themselves, they guide another's steps:
And for poor sixpence promise countless wealth:
Let them, if they expect to be believ'd,
Deduct the sixpence and bestow the rest.

THOSE who have maintained that men would be more miserable than beasts, were their hopes confined to this life only, among other considerations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the anguish of the present evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the reflection on what is passed, and the fear of what is to come. This fear of any future difficulties or misfortunes is so natural to the mind, that were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehension of such evils as never happened to him, than from those evils which had really befallen him. To

this we may add, that among those evils which befall us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the prospect than by their actual pressure.

This natural impatience to look into futurity, and to know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions. Some found their prescience on the lines of a man's hand, others on the features of his face; some on the signatures which nature has impressed on his body, and others on his own hand writing; some read men's fortunes in the stars, as others have searched after them in the entrails of beasts, or the flights of birds. Men of the best sense have been touched more or less with these groundless horrors and presages of futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent works of nature. Can any thing be more surprising than to consider Cicero, who made the greatest figure at the bar, and in the senate of the Roman commonwealth, and, at the same time, outshined all the philosophers of antiquity in his library and in his retirements, as busying himself in the college of augurs, (*a*) and observing with a religious attention, after what manner the chickens picked the several grains of corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithstanding these follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wise and learned in the present age, multitudes of weak and ignorant persons are still slaves to them. There are numberless arts of prediction among the vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite observations of days, numbers, voices and figures, which are regarded by them as portents and pro-

digies. In short, every thing prophesies to the superstitious man; there is scarce a straw or a rusty piece of iron that lies in his way by accident.

It is not to be conceived how many wizards, gipsies, and cunning men are dispersed through all the countries and market towns of Great Britain, not to mention the fortune-tellers and astrologers, who live very comfortably upon the curiosity of several well-disposed persons in the cities of London and Westminster.

Among the many pretended arts of divination, there is none which so universally amuses as that by dreams. I have indeed observed, in a late speculation, that there have been sometimes, upon very extraordinary occasions, supernatural revelations made to certain persons by this means; but as it is the chief business of this paper to root out popular errors, I must endeavour to expose the folly and superstition of those persons who, in the common and ordinary course of life, lay any stress upon things of so uncertain, shadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I can not do more effectually than by the following letter, which is dated from a quarter of the town that has always been the habitation of some prophetic Philomath; it having been usual, time out of mind, for all such people as have lost their wits to resort to that place, either for their cure or for their instruction.

‘ Moorfields, Oct. 4, 1712.

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

Having long considered whether there be any trade wanting in this great city, after having

surveyed very attentively all kinds of ranks and professions, I do not find in any quarter of the town an *Oneiro-critic*, or, in plain English, an interpreter of dreams. For want of so useful a person, there are several good people who are very much puzzled in this particular, and dream a whole year together without being ever the wiser for it. I hope I am pretty well qualified for this office, having studied by candle-light all the rules of art which have been laid down upon this subject. My great-uncle, by my wife's side, was a Scotch Highlander, and second-sighted. I have four fingers and two thumbs upon one hand, and was born on the longest night of the year. My christian and surname begin and end with the same letters. I am lodged in Moorfields, in a house that for these fifty years has been always tenanted by a conjurer.

‘If you had been in company, so much as myself, with ordinary women of the town, you must know that there are many of them who every day in their lives, upon seeing or hearing of any thing that is unexpected, cry, *My dream is out*: and can not go to sleep in quiet the next night, till something or other has happened which has expounded the visions of the preceding one. There are others who are in very great pain for not being able to recover the circumstances of a dream that made strong impressions upon them while it lasted. In short, sir, there are many whose waking thoughts are wholly employed on their sleeping ones. For the benefit therefore of this curious and inquisitive part of my fellow-subjects, I shall, in the first place, tell those persons what they dreamed of, who fancy they never

dream at all. In the next place, I shall make out any dream, upon hearing a single circumstance of it. And in the last place, shall expound to them the good or bad fortune which such dreams portend. If they do not presage good luck, I shall desire nothing for my pains; not questioning at the same time that those who consult me will be so reasonable as to afford me a moderate share out of any considerable estate, profit, or emolument, which I shall thus discover to them. I interpret to the poor for nothing, on condition that their names may be inserted in the public advertisements, to attest the truth of such my interpretations. As for people of quality or others who are indisposed, and do not care to come in person, I can interpret their dreams by seeing their water. I set aside one day in the week for lovers; and interpret by the great for any gentlewoman who is turned of sixty after the rate of half a crown *per* week, with the usual allowances for good luck. I have several rooms and apartments fitted up at reasonable rates, for such as have not conveniences for dreaming at their own houses.

TITUS TROPHONIUS.

‘*N. B.* I am not dumb.’

O.

No. 506. FRIDAY, OCT. 10. *By Budgell.*

*Candida perpetuo reside, concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat illa senem quondam; sed et ipsa marito,
Tunc quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.*

MANT. Epig. 13. l. 4. v. 7.

Perpetual harmony their bed attend,
And Venus still the well match'd pair befriend.
May she, when time has sunk him into years,
Love her old man, and cherish his white hairs;
Nor he perceive her charms through age decay,
But think each happy sun his bridal day.

THE following essay is written by the gentleman to whom the world is obliged for those several excellent discourses which have been marked with the letter X.

I have somewhere met with a fable that made Wealth the father of Love. It is certain that a mind ought, at least, to be free from the apprehensions of want and poverty, before it can fully attend to all the softnesses and endearments of this passion. Notwithstanding, we see multitudes of married people, who are utter strangers to this delightful passion, amidst all the affluence of the most plentiful fortunes.

It is not sufficient to make a marriage happy, that the humours of two people should be alike; I could instance a hundred pair, who have not the least sentiment of love remaining for one another, yet are so like in their humours, that if they were not already married, the whole world would design them for man and wife.

The spirit of love has something so extremely

fine in it, that it is very often disturbed and lost by some little accidents, which the careless and unpolite never attend to till it is gone past recovery.

Nothing has more contributed to banish it from a married state than too great a familiarity, and laying aside the common rules of decency. Though I could give instances of this in several particulars, I shall only mention that of *dress*. The beaux and belles about town, who dress purely to catch one another, think there is no further occasion for the bait, when their first design has succeeded. But besides the too common fault in point of neatness, there are several others which I do not remember to have seen touched upon, but in one of our modern comedies, (*a*) where a French woman offering to undress and dress herself before the lover of the play, and assuring her mistress that it was very usual in France, the lady tells her that's a secret in dress she never knew before, and that she was so unpolished an English woman, as to resolve never to learn to dress even before her husband.

There is something so gross in the carriage of some wives, that they lose their husbands' hearts, for faults, which, if a man has either good-nature or good breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the ladies are generally most faulty in this particular; who, at their first giving into love, find the way so smooth and pleasant, that they fancy it is scarce possible to be tired in it.

There is so much nicety and discretion required to keep love alive after marriage, and make conversation still new and agreeable after twenty

or thirty years, that I know nothing which seems readily to promise it, but an earnest endeavour to please on both sides, and superior good sense on the part of the man.

By a man of sense, I mean one acquainted with business and letters.

A woman very much settles her esteem for a man, according to the figure he makes in the world, and the character he bears among his own sex. As learning is the chief advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, as scandalous and inexcusable for a man of fortune to be illiterate, as for a woman not to know how to behave herself on the most ordinary occasions. It is this which sets the two sexes at the greatest distance; a woman is vexed and surprised to find nothing more in the conversation of a man than in the common tattle of her own sex.

Some small engagement at least in business not only sets a man's talent in the fairest light, and allots him a part to act, in which a wife can not well intermeddle, but gives frequent occasions for those little absences, which, whatever seeming uneasiness they may give, are some of the best preservatives of love and desire.

The fair sex are so conscious to themselves that they have nothing in them which can deserve entirely to engross the whole man, that they heartily despise one who, to use their own expression, is always hanging at their apron-strings.

Lætitia is pretty, modest, tender, and has sense enough; she married Erastus, who is in a post of some business, and has a general taste in most parts of polite learning. Lætitia, wherever she

visits, has the pleasure to hear of something which was handsomely said or done by Erastus. Erastus, since his marriage, is more gay in his dress than ever, and in all companies is as complaisant to Lætitia as to any other lady. I have seen him give her her fan when it was dropped, with all the gallantry of a lover. When they take the air together, Erastus is continually improving her thoughts, and, with a turn of wit and spirit which is peculiar to him, giving her an insight into things she had no notions of before. Lætitia is transported at having a new world thus opened to her, and hangs upon the man that gives her such agreeable informations. Erastus has carried this point still further, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more satisfied with herself. Erastus finds a justness or beauty in whatever she says or observes, that Lætitia herself was not aware of; and, by his assistance, she has discovered a hundred good qualities and accomplishments in herself, which she never before once dreamed of. Erastus, with the most artful complaisance in the world, by several remote hints, finds the means to make her say or propose almost whatever he has a mind to, which he always receives as her own discovery, and gives her all the reputation of it.

Erastus has a perfect taste in painting, and carried Lætitia with him the other day to see a collection of pictures. I sometimes visit this happy couple. As we were last week walking in the long gallery before dinner, 'I have lately laid out some money in paintings,' says Erastus; 'I have bought that Venus and Adonis purely upon

Lætitia's judgment; it cost me three score guineas, and I was this morning offered a hundred for it.' I turned towards Lætitia, and saw her cheeks glow with pleasure, while at the same time she cast a look upon Erastus the most tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

Flavilla married Tom Tawdry; she was taken with his laced coat and rich sword-knot: she has the mortification to see Tom despised by all the worthy part of his own sex. Tom has nothing to do after dinner but to determine whether he will pare his nails at St. James's, White's, or his own house. He has said nothing to Flavilla since they were married, which she might not have heard as well from her own woman. He, however, takes great care to keep up the saucy ill-natured authority of a husband. Whatever Flavilla happens to assert, Tom immediately contradicts with an oath by way of preface, and, *My dear, I must tell you, you talk most confoundedly silly.* Flavilla had a heart naturally as well disposed for all the tenderness of love as that of Lætitia: but as love seldom continues long after esteem, it is difficult to determine at present whether the unhappy Flavilla hates or despises the person most whom she is obliged to lead her whole life with.

X.

No. 507. SATURDAY, OCT. 11. *By Addison.*

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges.

JUV Sat. 2. v. 46.

Preserv'd from shame by numbers on our side.

THERE is something very sublime, though very fanciful, in Plato's description of the Supreme Being, that *truth is his body, and light his shadow*. According to this definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his nature as Error and Falsehood. The Platonists have so just a notion of the Almighty's aversion to every thing which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon *truth* as no less necessary than *virtue*, to qualify a human soul for the enjoyment of a separate state. For this reason, as they recommended moral duties to qualify and season the will for a future life, so they prescribed several contemplations and sciences to rectify the understanding. Thus Plato has called mathematical demonstrations the cathartics or purgatives of the soul, as being the most proper means to cleanse it from error, and to give it a relish of truth; which is the natural food and nourishment of the understanding, as virtue is the perfection and happiness of the will.

There are many authors who have shown wherein the malignity of a *lie* consists, and set forth, in proper colours, the heinousness of the offence. I shall here consider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been so much spoken to, I mean, that abominable practice of *party-lying*. This vice is so very predominant among us at

present, that a man is thought of no principles who does not propagate a certain system of lies. The coffee-houses are supported by them, the press is choked with them, eminent authors live upon them. Our bottle conversation is so infected with them, that a party-lie is grown as fashionable an entertainment as a lively catch or a merry story; the truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be struck dumb were this fountain of discourse dried up. There is, however, one advantage resulting from this detestable practice; the very appearances of truth are so little regarded, that lies are at present discharged in the air, and begin to hurt nobody. When we hear a party-story from a stranger, we consider whether he is a Whig or a Tory, that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of course, in which the honest gentleman designs to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common sense that gives credit to the relations of party-writers, nay, his own friends shake their heads at him, and consider him in no other light than as an officious tool, or a well-meaning idiot. When it was formerly the fashion to husband a lie, and trump it up in some extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little serviceable to the faction that made use of it, but at present every man is upon his guard; the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to see men of probity, who would scorn to utter a falsehood for their own particular advantage, give so readily into a lie, when it becomes the voice of their faction, not-

withstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are men of honour in their persons thus to become notorious liars in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reasons for it, and at the same time discover the insufficiency of these reasons to justify so criminal a practice.

In the first place, men are apt to think that the guilt of a lie, and consequently the punishment, may be very much diminished, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of those who partake in it. Though the weight of a falsehood would be too heavy for *one* to bear, it grows light in their imaginations when it is shared among *many*. But in this case a man very much deceives himself; guilt, when it spreads through numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied: every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the number of those who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the penalty lie as heavy upon every individual of an offending multitude, as they would upon any single person had none shared with him in the offence. In a word, the division of guilt is like to that of matter; though it may be separated into infinite portions, every portion shall have the whole essence of matter in it, and consist of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the second place, though multitudes who join in a lie can not exempt themselves from the guilt, they may from the shame of it. The scandal of a lie is in a manner lost and annihilated, when diffused among several thousands; as a drop

of the blackest tincture wears away and vanishes, when mixed and confused in a considerable body of water; the blot is still in it, but is not able to discover itself. This is certainly a very great motive to several party offenders, who avoid crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their virtue, but to their reputation. It is enough to show the weakness of this reason, which palliates guilt without removing it, that every man who is influenced by it declares himself in effect an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in his conduct neither by the dictates of his own conscience, the suggestions of true honour, nor the principles of religion.

The third and last great motive for men's joining in a popular falsehood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a party-lie, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing good to a cause, which every party may be supposed to look upon as the most meritorious. The unsoundness of this principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a man must be an utter stranger to the principles, either of natural religion or christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a man might promote the supposed good of his country by the blackest calumnies and falsehoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the christian world. When Pompey was desired not to set sail in a tempest that would hazard his life, "It is necessary for me," says he, "to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live;" every man should say to himself with the same spirit, It is my duty to speak truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office. One

of the fathers hath carried this point so high, as to declare "He would not tell a lie, though he were sure to gain heaven by it." However extravagant such a protestation may appear, every one will own, that a man may say very reasonably, "He would not tell a lie if he were sure to gain hell by it;" or if you have a mind to soften the expression, that he would not tell a lie to gain any temporal reward by it, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain. O.

No. 508. MONDAY, OCT. 13. By Steele.

Omnes autem et habentur et dicuntur tyranni, qui potestate sunt perpetua, in ea civitate quæ libertate usa est.

CORN. NEPOS. in Milt. c. 8.

For all those are accounted and denominated tyrants, who exercise a perpetual power in that state which was before free.

THE following letters complain of what I have frequently observed with very much indignation; therefore I shall give them to the public in the words with which my correspondents, who suffer under the hardships mentioned in them, describe them.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'In former ages all pretensions to dominion have been supported and submitted to, either upon account of inheritance, conquest, or election; and all such persons who have taken upon them any sovereignty over their fellow creatures

upon any other account, have been always called tyrants; not so much because they were guilty of any particular barbarities, as because every attempt to such a superiority was in its nature tyrannical. But there is another sort of potentates who may with greater propriety be called tyrants than those last mentioned, both as they assume a despotic dominion over those as free as themselves, and as they support it by acts of notable oppression and injustice; and these are the rulers in all clubs and meetings. In other governments, the punishments of some have been alleviated by the rewards of others; but what makes the reign of those potentates so particularly grievous is, that they are exquisite in punishing their subjects, at the same time they have it not in their power to reward them. That the reader may the better comprehend the nature of these monarchs, as well as the miserable state of those who are their vassals, I shall give an account of the king of the company I am fallen into, whom, for his particular tyranny, I shall call Dionysius; as also of the seeds that sprung up to this odd sort of empire.

‘ Upon all meetings at taverns, it is necessary some one of the company should take it upon him to get all things in such order and readiness as may contribute as much as possible to the felicity of the convention; such as hastening the fire, getting a sufficient number of candles, tasting the wine with a judicious smack, fixing the supper, and being brisk for the despatch of it. Know, then, that Dionysius went through these offices with an air that seemed to express a satisfaction rather in serving the public than in gratifying any particular inclination of his own. We thought

him a person of an exquisite palate, and therefore by consent beseeched him to be always our proveditor; which post, after he had handsomely denied, he could do no otherwise than accept. At first he made no other use of his power than in recommending such and such things to the company, ever allowing these points to be disputable; insomuch that I have often carried the debate for partridge, when his majesty has given intimation of the high relish of duck, but at the same time has cheerfully submitted, and devoured his partridge with most gracious resignation. This submission on his side naturally produced the like on ours; of which he in a little time made such barbarous advantage, as in all those matters which before seemed indifferent to him, to issue out certain edicts as uncontrollable and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He is by turns outrageous, peevish, froward, and jovial. He thinks it our duty, for the little offices, as proveditor, that in return all conversation is to be interrupted or promoted by his inclination for or against the present humour of the company. We feel at present, in the utmost extremity, the insolence of office: however, I being naturally warm, ventured to oppose him in a dispute about a haunch of venison. I was altogether for roasting; but Dionysius declared himself for boiling with so much prowess and resolution, that the cook thought it necessary to consult his own safety rather than the luxury of my proposition. With the same authority that he orders what we shall eat and drink, he also commands us where to do it, and we change our taverns according as he suspects any treasonable practices in the settling the bill by the master, or sees any bold rebellion

in point of attendance by the waiters. Another reason for changing the seat of empire, I conceive to be the pride he takes in the promulgation of our slavery, though we pay our club for our entertainments even in these palaces of our grand monarch. When he has a mind to take the air, a party of us are commanded out by way of life-guard, and we march under as great restrictions as they do. If we meet a neighbouring king, we give or keep the way according as we are outnumbered or not; and if the train of each is equal in number, rather than give battle, the superiority is soon adjusted by a desertion from one of them.

‘Now, the expulsion of these unjust rulers out of all societies would gain a man as everlasting a reputation as either of the Brutuses got from their endeavours to extirpate tyranny from among the Romans. I confess myself to be in a conspiracy against the usurper of our club; and to show my reading, as well as my merciful disposition, shall allow him till the ides of March to dethrone himself. If he seems to affect empire till that time, and does not gradually recede from the incursions he has made upon our liberties, he shall find a dinner dressed which he has no hand in, and shall be treated with an order, magnificence, and luxury, as shall break his proud heart; at the same time that he shall be convinced in his stomach, he was unfit for his post, and a more mild and skilful prince receive the acclamations of the people, and be set up in his room; but, as Milton says,

‘These thoughts

‘Full counsel must mature. Peace is despair’d,
‘And who can think submission? War, then, war,
‘Open or understood, must be resolv’d.’

‘I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘I am a young woman at a gentleman’s seat in the country, who is a particular friend of my father’s, and came hither to pass away a month or two with his daughters. I have been entertained with the utmost civility by the whole family, and nothing has been omitted which can make my stay easy and agreeable on the part of the family; but there is a gentleman here, a visitant, as I am, whose behaviour has given me great uneasiness. When I first arrived here, he used me with the utmost complaisance; but, forsooth, that was not with regard to my sex; and since he has no designs upon me, he does not know why he should distinguish me from a man in things indifferent. He is, you must know, one of those familiar coxcombs, who have observed some well-bred men with a good grace converse with women, and say no fine things, but yet treat them with that sort of respect which flows from the heart and the understanding, but is exerted in no professions or compliments. This puppy, to imitate this excellence, or avoid the contrary fault of being troublesome in complaisance, takes upon him to try his talent upon me, insomuch that he contradicts me upon all occasions, and one day told me I lied. If I had stuck him with my bodkin, and behaved myself like a man, since he won’t treat me as a woman, I had, I think, served him right. I wish, sir, you would please to give him some maxims of behaviour in these points, and resolve me if all maids are not in point of conversation to be treated by all bachelors as their mistresses? If not so, are they not to be used as gently as their sisters? Is it sufferable, that the fop of whom I complain

should say, as he would rather have Such-a-one without a groat, than me with the Indies? What right has any man to make suppositions of things not in his power, and then declare his will to the dislike of one that has never offended him? I assure you these are things worthy your consideration, and I hope we shall have your thoughts upon them. I am, though a woman justly offended, ready to forgive all this; because I have no remedy but leaving very agreeable company sooner than I desire. This also is a heinous aggravation of his offence, that he is inflicting banishment upon me. Your printing this letter may perhaps be an admonition to reform him. As soon as it appears I will write my name at the end of it, and lay it in his way; the making which just reprimand, I hope you will put in the power of, sir, your constant reader, and humble servant.'

T.

No. 509. TUESDAY, OCT. 14. By Steele.

Hominis frugi et temperantis functus officium.

TER. Heaut. act. 3. sc. 3.

Discharging the part of a good economist.

THE useful knowledge in the following letter shall have a place in my paper, though there is nothing in it which immediately regards the polite or the learned world; I say immediately, for upon reflection every man will find there is a remote influence upon his own affairs, in the prosperity or decay of the trading part of mankind. My present correspondent, I believe, was never

in print before; but what he says well deserves a general attention, though delivered in his own homely maxims, and a kind of proverbial simplicity; which sort of learning has raised more estates than ever were, or will be, from attention to Virgil, Horace, Tully, Seneca, Plutarch, or any of the rest; whom, I dare say, this worthy citizen would hold to be indeed ingenious, but unprofitable, writers. But to the letter.

‘ MR. WILLIAM SPECTATOR.

‘ SIR, *Broad-street, Oct. 10, 1712.*

‘ I ACCUSE you of many discourses on the subject of money, which you have heretofore promised the public, but have not discharged yourself thereof. But, forasmuch as you seemed to depend upon advice from others what to do in that point, have sat down to write you the needful upon that subject. But, before I enter thereupon, I shall take this opportunity to observe to you, that the thriving frugal man shows it in every part of his expense, dress, servants, and house; and I must, in the first place, complain to you, as Spectator, that in these particulars there is at this time, throughout the city of London, a lamentable change from that simplicity of manners, which is the true source of wealth and prosperity. I just now said, the man of thrift shows regularity in every thing; but you may, perhaps, laugh that I take notice of such a particular as I am going to do, for an instance that this city is declining, if their ancient economy is not restored. The thing which gives me this prospect, and so

much offence, is the neglect of the Royal Exchange, I mean the edifice so called, and the walks appertaining thereunto. The Royal Exchange is a fabric that well deserves to be so called, as well to express that our monarch's highest glory and advantage consists in being the patron of trade, as that it is commodious for business, and an instance of the grandeur both of prince and people. But alas! at present it hardly seems to be set apart for any such use or purpose. Instead of the assembly of honourable merchants, substantial tradesmen, and knowing masters of ships, the mumpers, the halt, the blind, and the lame; your venders of trash, apples, plums; your ragamuffins, rakeshames, and wenches, have jostled the greater number of the former out of that place. Thus it is, especially on the evening 'Change: so that what with the din of squallings, oaths, and cries of beggars, men of the greatest consequence in our city absent themselves from the place. This particular, by the way, is of evil consequence; for if the 'Change be no place for men of the highest credit to frequent, it will not be a disgrace for those of less abilities to absent. I remember the time when rascally company were kept out, and the unlucky boys with toys and balls were whipped away by a beadle. I have seen this done indeed of late, but then it has been only to chase the lads from chuck, that the beadle might seize their copper.

'I must repeat the abomination, that the walnut trade is carried on by old women within the walks, which makes the place impassable by reason of shells and trash. The benches around are so filthy, that no one can sit down; yet the beades

and officers have the impudence at Christmas to ask for their box, though they deserve the strap-pado. I do not think it impertinent to have mentioned this, because it speaks a neglect in the domestic care of the city; and the domestic is the truest picture of a man every where else.

‘ But I designed to speak on the business of money and advancement of gain. The man proper for this, speaking in the general, is of a sedate, plain, good understanding, not apt to go out of his way, but so behaving himself at home, that business may come to him. Sir William Turner, that valuable citizen, has left behind him a most excellent rule, and couched it in very few words, suited to the meanest capacity. He would say, *Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you.* It must be confessed, that if a man of a great genius could add steadiness to his vivacities, or substitute slower men of fidelity to transact the methodical part of his affairs, such a one would outstrip the rest of the world; but business and trade is not to be managed by the same heads which write poetry, and make plans for the conduct of life in general. So, though we are at this day beholden to the late witty and inventive duke of Buckingham for the whole trade and manufacture of glass, yet I suppose there is no one will aver, that were his grace yet living, they would not rather deal with my diligent friend and neighbour Mr. Gumley, for any goods to be prepared and delivered on such a day, than he would with that illustrious mechanic abovementioned.

‘ No, no, Mr. Spectator, you wits must not pretend to be rich; and it is possible the reason may be, in some measure, because you despise, or at

least you do not value it enough, to let it take up your chief attention; which the trader must do, or lose his credit; which is to him what honour, reputation, fame, or glory, is to other sort of men.

‘I shall not speak to the point of cash itself, till I see how you approve of these my maxims in general: but, I think, a speculation upon *Many a little makes a mickle; a penny saved is a penny got; penny wise and pound foolish: it is need that makes the old wife trot*, would be very useful to the world, and if you treated them with knowledge, would be useful to yourself, for it would make demands for your paper among those who have no notion of it at present. But of these matters more hereafter. If you did this, as you excel many writers of the present age for politeness, so you would outgo the author of the true razor strops for use.

‘I shall conclude this discourse with an explanation of a proverb, which by vulgar error is taken and used when a man is reduced to an extremity, whereas the propriety of the maxim is to use it when you would say, there is plenty, but you must make such a choice as not to hurt another who is to come after you.

‘Mr. Tobias Hobson, from whom we have the expression, was a very honourable man, for I shall ever call the man so who gets an estate honestly. Mr. Tobias Hobson was a carrier, and being a man of great abilities and invention, and one that saw where there might good profit arise, though the duller men overlooked it; this ingenious man was the first in this island who let out hackney horses. He lived in Cambridge; and observ-

ing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man: I say, Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance; and every horse ridden with the same justice; from whence it became a proverb when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, *Hobson's choice*. This memorable man stands drawn in fresco at an inn (which he used) in Bishopsgate-street, with a hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag;

“The fruitful mother of a hundred more.”

‘Whatever tradesman will try the experiment, and begin the day after you publish this my discourse, to treat his customers all alike, and all reasonably and honestly, I will insure him the same success.

‘I am, sir, your loving friend,

‘HEZEKIAH THRIFT.’

No. 510. WEDNESDAY, OCT. 15. *By Steele.*

——— *Si sapias,
Neque præterquam quas ipse amor molestias
Habet addas; et illas, quas habet, recte feras.*

TER. Eun. act. 1. sc. 1.

If you are wise, neither add to the troubles which attend the passion of love, and bear patiently those which are inseparable from it.

I WAS the other day driving in a hack through Gerard street, when my eye was immediately caught with the prettiest object imaginable, the face of a very fair girl, between thirteen and fourteen, fixed at the chin to a painted sash, and made part of the landscape. It seemed admirably done; and upon throwing myself eagerly out of the coach to look at it, it laughed and flung from the window. This amiable figure dwelt upon me, and I was considering the vanity of the girl, and her pleasant coquetry in acting a picture, till she was taken notice of, and raising the admiration of the beholders. This little circumstance made me run into reflections upon the force of beauty, and the wonderful influence the female sex has upon the other part of the species. Our hearts are seized with their enchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal men, who by that hardness lose the chief pleasure in them, can resist their insinuations, though never so much against our own interest and opinion. It is common with women to destroy the good effects a man's following his own way and inclination might have upon his honour and fortune, by interposing their power.

over him in matters wherein they can not influence him but to his loss and disparagement. I do not know therefore a task so difficult in human life, as to be proof against the importunities of a woman a man loves. There is certainly no armour against tears, sullen looks, or at best, constrained familiarities, in her whom you usually meet with transport and alacrity. Sir Walter Raleigh was quoted in a letter (of a very ingenious correspondent of mine) on this subject. That author, who had lived in courts and camps, travelled through many countries, and seen many men under several climates, and of as various complexions, speaks of our impotence to resist the wiles of women in very severe terms. His words are as follows:

‘What means did the devil find out, or what instruments did his own subtlety present him, as fittest and aptest to work his mischief by? Even the unquiet vanity of the woman; so as by Adam’s hearkening to the voice of his wife, contrary to the express commandment of the living God, mankind by that her incantation became the subjects of labour, sorrow, and death; the woman being given to man for a comforter and companion, but not for a counsellor. It is also to be noted by whom the woman was tempted; even by the most ugly and unworthy of all beasts, into whom the devil entered and persuaded. Secondly, what was the motive of her disobedience? even a desire to know what was most unfitting her knowledge: an affection which has ever since remained in all the posterity of her sex. Thirdly, what was it that moved the man to yield to her persuasions? even the same cause which hath moved

all men since to the like consent, namely, an unwillingness to grieve her or make her sad, lest she should pine and be overcome with sorrow. But if Adam in the state of perfection, and Solomon the son of David, God's chosen servant, and himself a man endued with the greatest wisdom, did both of them disobey their Creator by the persuasion and for the love they bare to a woman, it is not so wonderful as lamentable, that other men in succeeding ages have been allured to so many inconvenient and wicked practices by the persuasion of their wives, or other beloved darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious purposes with a counterfeit passion of dissimulate sorrow and unquietness.'

The motions of the minds of lovers are no where so well described as in the works of skilful writers for the stage. The scene between Fulvia and Curius, in the second act of Jonson's *Catiline*, is an excellent picture of the power of a lady over her gallant. The wench plays with his affections; and as a man of all places in the world wishes to make a good figure with his mistress, upon her upbraiding him with want of spirit, he alludes to enterprizes which he can not reveal but with the hazard of his life. When he is worked thus far, with a little flattery of her opinion of his gallantry, and desire to know more of it out of her overflowing fondness to him, he brags to her till his life is in her disposal.

When a man is thus liable to be vanquished by the charms of her he loves, the safest way is to determine what is proper to be done, but to avoid all expostulation with her before he executes what

he has resolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a treaty; and one must consider how senseless a thing it is to argue with one whose looks and gestures are more prevalent with you than your reasons and arguments can be with her. It is a most miserable slavery to submit to what you disapprove, and give up a truth, for no other reason but that you had not fortitude to support you in asserting it. A man has enough to do to conquer his own unreasonable wishes and desires: but he does that in vain, if he has those of another to gratify. Let his pride be in his wife and family: let him give them all the conveniences of life, in such a manner as if he were proud of them; but let it be his own innocent pride, and not their exorbitant desires, which are indulged by him. In this case, all the little arts imaginable are used to soften a man's heart, and raise his passion above his understanding. But in all concessions of this kind, a man should consider whether the present he makes flows from his own love, or the importunity of his beloved: if from the latter, he is her slave; if from the former, her friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this subjection to women with that seriousness which so important a circumstance deserves. Why was courage given to man, if his wife's fears are to frustrate it? When this is once indulged, you are no longer her guardian and protector, as you were designed by nature; but in compliance to her weaknesses, you have disabled yourself from avoiding the misfortunes into which they will lead you both, and you are to see the hour in which you are to be reproached by herself for that very compliance to her. It is indeed the

most difficult mastery over ourselves we can possibly attain, to resist the grief of her who charms us; but let the heart-ache, be the anguish never so quick and painful, it is what must be suffered and passed through, if you think to live like a gentleman, or be conscious to yourself that you are a man of honesty. The old argument, that *You do not love me if you deny me this*, which first was used to obtain a trifle, by habitual success will oblige the unhappy man who gives way to it, to resign the cause even of his country and his honour.

T.

No. 511. THURSDAY, OCT. 16. *By Addison.*

Quis non invenit turba quod amaret in illa?

OVID. *Ars Am.* l. 1. v. 175.

—————Who could fail to find,
In such a crowd, a mistress to his mind?

‘DEAR SPEC,

‘FINDING that my last letter took, I do intend to continue my epistolary correspondence with thee on those dear confounded creatures, *women*. Thou knowest, all the little learning I am master of is upon that subject; I never looked in a book, but for their sakes. I have lately met with two pure stories for a Spectator, which I am sure will please mightily if they pass through thy hands. The first of them I found by chance in an English book called Herodotus, that lay in my friend Dapperwit’s window, as I visited him one morning.

It luckily opened in the place where I met with the following account. He tells us, that it was the manner among the Persians to have several fairs in the kingdom, at which all the young unmarried women were annually exposed to sale. The men who wanted wives came hither to provide themselves: every woman was given to the highest bidder, and the money which she fetched laid aside for the public use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by. By this means, the richest people had the choice of the market, and culled out all the most extraordinary beauties. As soon as the fair was thus picked, the refuse was to be distributed among the poor, and among those who could not go to the price of a *beauty*. Several of these married the *agreeables*, without paying a farthing for them, unless somebody chanced to think it worth his while to bid for them; in which case the best bidder was always the purchaser. But now you must know, *Spec*, it happened in Persia as it does in our own country, that there were as many ugly *women* as *beauties* or *agreeables*; so that by consequence, after the magistrates had put off a great many, there were still a great many that stuck upon their hands. In order therefore to clear the market, the money which the beauties had sold for was disposed of among the ugly; so that a poor man, who could not afford to have a beauty for his wife, was forced to take up with a fortune, the greatest portion being always given to the most deformed. To this the author adds, that every poor man was forced to live kindly with his wife, or in case he repented of his bargain, to return her portion with her to the next public sale.

‘What I would recommend to thee on this occasion is, to establish such an imaginary fair in Great Britain: thou couldst make it very pleasant, by matching women of quality with cobblers and carmen, or describing titles and garters leading off in great ceremony shop-keepers’ and farmers’ daughters. Though, to tell thee the truth, I am confoundly afraid that, as the love of money prevails in our island more than it did in Persia, we should find that some of our greatest men would choose out the portions, and rival one another for the richest piece of deformity: and that, on the contrary, the toasts and belles would be bought up by extravagant heirs, gamesters, and spendthrifts. Thou couldst make very pretty reflections upon this occasion in honour of the Persian politics, who took care, by such marriages, to beautify the upper part of the species, and to make the greatest persons in the government the most graceful. But this I shall leave to thy judicious pen.

‘I have another story to tell thee, which I likewise met with in a book. It seems the general of the Tartars, after having laid siege to a strong town in China, and taken it by storm, would set to sale all the women that were found in it. Accordingly, he put each of them into a sack, and after having thoroughly considered the value of the woman who was enclosed, marked the price that was demanded for her upon the sack. There was a great confluence of chapmen, that resorted from every part, with a design to purchase, which they were to do *unsight unseen*. The book mentions a merchant in particular, who observing one of the sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and

carried it off with him to his house. As he was resting with it upon a half-way bridge, he was resolved to take a survey of his purchase. Upon opening the sack a little old woman popped her head out of it; at which the adventurer was in so great a rage that he was going to shoot her out into the river. The old lady, however, begged him first of all to hear her story; by which he learned that she was sister to a great mandarin, who would infallibly make the fortune of his brother-in-law as soon as he should know to whose lot she fell. Upon which the merchant again tied her up in his sack, and carried her to his house, where she proved an excellent wife, and procured him all the riches from her brother that she had promised him.

‘I fancy if I was disposed to dream a second time, I could make a tolerable vision upon this plan. I would suppose all the unmarried women in London and Westminster brought to market in sacks with their respective prices on each sack. The first sack that is sold is marked with five thousand pounds: upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable housewife of an agreeable countenance; the purchaser upon hearing her good qualities pays down her price very cheerfully. The second I would open, should be a five hundred pound sack: the lady in it, to our surprise, has the face and person of a toast: as we are wondering how she came to be set at so low a price, we hear that she would have been valued at ten thousand pounds, but that the public had made those abatements for being a scold. I would afterwards find some beautiful, modest, and discreet woman, that should be the top of the mar-

ket; and perhaps discover half a dozen romps tied up together in the same sack, at one hundred pounds a head. The prude and the coquette should be valued at the same price, though the first should go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldst like such a vision, had I time to finish it; because, to talk in thy own way, there is a moral in it. Whatever thou mayest think of it, pr'ythee do not make any of thy queer apologies for this letter, as thou didst for my last. The women love a gay lively fellow, and are never angry at the raileries of one who is their known admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them. Thine,

O.

'HONEYCOMB.'

No. 512. FRIDAY, OCT. 17. *By Addison.*

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 344.

Mixing together profit and delight.

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We consider the instruction as an implicit censure, and the zeal which any shows for our good on such an occasion as a piece of presumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the person who pretends to advise, does in that particular exercise a superiority over us and can have no other reason for it, but that, in comparing us with

himself, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our understanding. For these reasons, there is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have distinguished themselves among one another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made use of to render this bitter portion palatable? Some convey their instructions to us in the best chosen words, others in the most harmonious numbers; some in points of wit, and others in short proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest and that which pleases the most universally is *fable*, in whatsoever shape it appears. If we consider this way of instructing or giving advice, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect, in the first place, that upon the reading of a fable we are made to believe we advise ourselves. We peruse the author for the sake of the story, and consider the precepts rather as our own conclusions than his instructions. The moral insinuates itself imperceptibly; we are taught by surprise, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this method a man is so far over-reached as to think he is directing himself, while he is following the dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most displeasing circumstance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we shall find, that the mind is never so much

pleased as when she exerts herself in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the soul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable: for in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half of the performance; every thing appears to him like a discovery of his own; he is busied all the while in applying characters and circumstances, and is in this respect both a reader and a composer. It is no wonder therefore that on such occasions, when the mind is thus pleased with itself, and amused with its own discoveries, that it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occasion of it. For this reason, the Absalom and Achitophel (*a*) was one of the most popular poems that ever appeared in English. The poetry is indeed very fine: but had it been much finer, it would not have so much pleased, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient histories, we find the wise men of old very often chose to give counsel to their kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this nature in a Turkish tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The vizier to this great sultan (whether a humourist or an enthusiast we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain dervise to understand

the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the vizier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of a heap of rubbish. 'I would fain know,' says the sultan, 'what those two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it.' The vizier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the sultan, 'Sir,' says he, 'I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.' The sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. 'You must know then,' said the vizier, 'that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter in my hearing, Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, Instead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to sultan Mahmoud: whilst he reigns over us we shall never want ruined villages.'

The story says, the sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I shall add a most ridiculous piece of natural magic, which was taught by no less a philosopher than Democritus, namely,

that if the blood of certain birds which he mentioned were mixed together, it would produce a serpent of such wonderful virtue, that whoever did eat it should be skilled in the language of birds, and understand every thing they said to one another. Whether the dervise abovementioned might not have eaten such a serpent, I shall leave to the determination of the learned. O.

No. 513. SATURDAY, OCT. 18. *By Addison.*

—*Afflata est numine quando
Jam propiore dei*—

VIRG. *Æn.* 6. v. 50.

When all the god came rushing on her soul. DRYDEN.

THE following letter comes to me from that excellent man in holy orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that society who assists me in my speculations. It is a *thought in sickness*, and of a very serious nature, for which reason I give it a place in the paper of this day.

‘SIR,

‘The indisposition which has so long hung upon me is at last grown to such a head, that it must quickly make an end of me, or of itself. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad state of health, there are none of your works which I read with greater pleasure than your Saturday’s papers. I should be very glad if I could furnish you with any hints for that day’s entertainment. Were I able to dress up several thoughts of a serious nature, which have made great impressions on my

mind during a long fit of sickness, they might not be an improper entertainment for that occasion.

‘ Among all the reflections which usually arise in the mind of a sick man, who has time and inclination to consider his approaching end, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before him who made him. When a man considers, that as soon as the vital union is dissolved, he shall see that Supreme Being, whom he now contemplates at a distance, and only in his works; or, to speak more philosophically, when by some faculty in the soul he shall apprehend the Divine Being, and be more sensible of his presence, than we are now of the presence of any object which the eye beholds; a man must be lost in carelessness and stupidity who is not alarmed at such a thought. Dr. Sherlock, in his excellent treatise upon death, has represented, in very strong and lively colours, the state of the soul in its first separation from the body, with regard to that invisible world which every where surrounds us, though we are not able to discover it through this grosser world of matter, which is accommodated to our senses in this life. His words are as follow:

‘ That death, which is our leaving this world, is nothing else but our putting off these bodies, teaches us, that it is only our union to these bodies which intercepts the sight of the other world: the other world is not at such a distance from us as we may imagine; the throne of God indeed is at a great remove from this earth, above the third heavens, where he displays his glory to those

blessed spirits which encompass his throne: but as soon as we step out of these bodies, we step into the other world, which is not so properly another world, (for there is the same heaven and earth still) as a new state of life. To live in these bodies is to live in this world; to live out of them is to remove into the next; for while our souls are confined to these bodies, and can look only through these material casements, nothing but what is material can affect us: nay, nothing but what is so gross, that it can reflect light, and convey the shapes and colours of things with it to the eye; so that though, within this visible world, there be a more glorious scene of things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this veil of flesh parts the visible and invisible world, but when we put off these bodies, there are new and surprising wonders present themselves to our views: when these material spectacles are taken off, the soul with its own naked eyes sees what was invisible before: and then we are in the other world, when we can see it, and converse with it. Thus St. Paul tells us, that *when we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord; but when we are absent from the body, we are present with the Lord.* 2 Cor. v. 6. 8. And methinks this is enough to cure us of our fondness for these bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined to a prison, and to look through a grate all our lives, which gives us but a very narrow prospect, and that none of the best neither, than to be set at liberty to view all the glories of the world. What would we give now for the least glimpse of that invisible world, which the first step we take out of these bodies will present us

with? There are such things *as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive*: death opens our eyes, enlarges our prospect, presents us with a new and more glorious world, which we can never see while we are shut up in flesh; which should make us as willing to part with this veil, as to take the film off our eyes, which hinders our sight.'

'As a thinking man can not but be very much affected with the idea of his appearing in the presence of that Being *whom none can see and live*, he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being, whom he appears before, will examine all the actions of his past life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think there is no scheme of religion, besides that of christianity, which can possibly support the most virtuous person under this thought. Let a man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, passion and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and in short so many defects in his best actions, that, without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his sovereign Judge, or that he should be able to stand in his sight. Our holy religion suggests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted.

'It is this series of thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following hymn, which I have composed during this my sickness.

I.

‘When rising from the bed of death,
‘O’erwhelm’d with guilt and fear,
‘I see my Maker face to face,
‘O how shall I appear!

II.

‘If yet, while pardon may be found,
‘And mercy may be sought,
‘My heart with inward horror shrinks,
‘And trembles at the thought.

III.

‘When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos’d,
‘In majesty severe,
‘And sit in judgment on my soul,
‘O how shall I appear!

IV.

‘But thou hast told the troubled mind,
‘Who does her sins lament,
‘The timely tribute of her tears
‘Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

‘Then see the sorrow of my heart,
‘Ere yet it be too late;
‘And hear my Saviour’s dying groans,
‘To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

‘For never shall my soul despair,
‘Her pardon to procure,
‘Who knows thine only Son has died
‘To make her pardon sure.’

‘There is a noble hymn in French, which monsieur Bayle has celebrated for a *very fine one*, and which the famous author of the Art of Speaking calls an *admirable one*, that turns upon a thought of the same nature. If I could have done it justice in English, I would have sent it you translated: it was written by monsieur Des Barreaux, who had

been one of the greatest wits and libertines in France, but in his last years was as remarkable a penitent.

*Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité:
Toujours tu prends plaisir à nous être propice.
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta justice.
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice:
Ton intérêt s'oppose à ma félicité;
Et ta clemence même attend que je périsse.
Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux;
Offense toi des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;
Tonre, frappe, il est tems, rends moi guerre pour guerre.
J'adore en périssant la raison qui t'aigrit.
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jesus Christ?*

‘ If these thoughts may be serviceable to you, I desire you would place them in a proper light, and am ever with great sincerity, sir,
O. Yours, &c.’

No. 514. MONDAY, OCT. 20. *By Steele.*

—*Me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis qua nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.*

VIRG. Georg. 3. v. 291.

**But the commanding muse my chariot guides,
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides;
And pleas'd I am no beaten road to take,
But first the way to new discov'ries make. DRYDEN.**

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I CAME home a little later than usual the other night, and not finding myself inclined to sleep, I

took up Virgil to divert me till I should be more disposed to rest. He is the author whom I always choose on such occasions, no one writing in so divine, so harmonious, nor so equal a strain, which leaves the mind composed, and softened into an agreeable melancholy; the temper in which, of all others, I choose to close the day. The passages I turned to were those beautiful raptures in his Georgics, where he professes himself entirely given up to the Muses, and smit with the love of poetry, passionately wishing to be transported to the cool shades and retirements of the mountain Hæmus. I closed the book, and went to bed. What I had just before been reading made so strong an impression on my mind, that fancy seemed almost to fulfil to me the wish of Virgil, in presenting to me the following vision.

‘ Methought I was on a sudden placed in the plains of Bœotia, where at the end of the horizon I saw the mountain Parnassus rising before me. The prospect was of so large an extent, that I had long wandered about to find a path which should directly lead me to it, had I not seen at some distance a grove of trees, which, in a plain that had nothing else remarkable enough in it to fix my sight, immediately determined me to go thither. When I arrived at it, I found it parted out into a great number of walks and alleys, which often widened into beautiful openings, as circles or ovals set round with yews and cypresses, with niches, grottos, and caves placed on the sides, encompassed with ivy. There was no sound to be heard in the whole place, but only that of a gentle breeze passing over the leaves of the forest; every thing besides was buried in a profound silence. I was

captivated with the beauty and retirement of the place, and never so much, before that hour, was pleased with the enjoyment of myself. I indulged the humour, and suffered myself to wander without choice or design. At length at the end of a range of trees, I saw three figures seated on a bank of moss, with a silent brook creeping at their feet. I adored them as the tutelar divinities of the place, and stood still to take a particular view of each of them. The middlemost, whose name was Solitude, sat with her arms across each other, and seemed rather pensive and wholly taken up with her own thoughts than any ways grieved or displeased. The only companions which she admitted into that retirement, was the goddess Silence, who sat on her right hand with her finger on her mouth, and on her left Contemplation, with her eyes fixed upon the heavens. Before her lay a celestial globe, with several schemes of mathematical theorems. She prevented my speech with the greatest affability in the world: Fear not, said she, I know your request before you speak it; you would be led to the mountain of the Muses; the only way to it lies through this place, and no one is so often employed in conducting persons thither as myself. When she had thus spoken, she rose from her seat, and I immediately placed myself under her direction; but whilst I passed through the grove, I could not help inquiring of her who were the persons admitted into that sweet retirement. Surely, said I, there can nothing enter here but virtue, and virtuous thoughts; the whole wood seems designed for the reception and reward of such persons as have spent their lives according to the dictates of their conscience

and the commands of the gods. You imagine right, said she, assure yourself this place was at first designed for no other: such it continued to be in the reign of Saturn, when none entered here but holy priests, deliverers of their country from oppression and tyranny, who reposed themselves here after their labours, and those whom the study and love of wisdom had fitted for divine conversation. But now it is become no less dangerous than it was before desirable: vice has learned so to mimic virtue, that it often creeps in hither under its disguise. See there! just before you, Revenge stalking by, habited in the robe of Honour. Observe not far from him Ambition standing alone; if you ask him his name, he will tell you it is Emulation or Glory. But the most frequent intruder we have is Lust, who succeeds now the deity to whom in better days this grove was entirely devoted. Virtuous Love, with Hymen and the Graces attending him, once reigned in this happy place: a whole train of virtues waited on him, and no dishonourable thought durst presume for admittance; but now, how is the whole prospect changed? and how seldom renewed by some few who dare despise sordid wealth, and imagine themselves fit companions for so charming a divinity.

‘The goddess had no sooner said this, but we were arrived at the utmost boundaries of the wood, which lay contiguous to a plain that ended at the foot of the mountain. Here I kept close to my guide, being solicited by several phantoms, who assured me they would show me a nearer way to the mountain of the Muses. Among the rest Vanity was extremely importunate, having de-

luded infinite numbers, whom I saw wandering at the foot of the hill. I turned away from this despicable troop with disdain; and addressing myself to my guide, told her, that as I had some hopes I should be able to reach up part of the ascent, so I despaired of having strength enough to attain the plain on the top. But being informed by her, that it was impossible to stand upon the sides, and that if I did not proceed onwards, I should irrevocably fall down to the lowest verge, I resolved to hazard any labour and hardship in the attempt: so great a desire had I of enjoying the satisfaction I hoped to meet with at the end of my enterprize!

* There were two paths, which led up by different ways to the summit of the mountain; the one was guarded by the genius which presides over the moment of our births. He had it in charge to examine the several pretensions of those who desired to pass that way, but to admit none excepting those only on whom Melpomene had looked with a propitious eye at the hour of their nativity. The other way was guarded by Diligence, to whom many of those persons applied who had met with a denial the other way; but he was so tedious in granting their request and indeed after admittance, the way was so very intricate and laborious, that many, after they had made some progress, chose rather to return back than proceed, and very few persisted so long as to arrive at the end they proposed. Besides these two paths, which at length severally led to the top of the mountain, there was a third made up of these two, which a little after the entrance joined in one. This carried those happy few,

whose good fortune it was to find it, directly to the throne of Apollo. I don't know whether I should even now have had the resolution to have demanded entrance at either of these doors, had I not seen a pleasant-like man (followed by a numerous and lovely train of youths of both sexes) insist upon entrance for all whom he led up. He put me in mind of the country clown who is painted in the map for leading prince Eugene over the Alps. He had a bundle of papers in his hand, and producing several, which, he said, were given to him by hands which he knew Apollo would allow as passes; among which methought I saw some of my own writing. The whole assembly was admitted, and gave, by their presence, a new beauty and pleasure to these happy mansions. I found the man did not pretend to enter himself, but served as a kind of forester in the lawns to direct passengers, who, by their own merit, or instructions he procured for them, had virtue enough to travel that way. I looked very attentively upon this kind homely benefactor; and forgive me, Mr. Spectator, if I own to you I took him for yourself. We were no sooner entered but we were sprinkled three times with the water of the fountain of Aganippe, which had power to deliver us from all harms but only Envy, which reacheth even to the end of our journey. We had not proceeded far in the middle path when we arrived at the summit of the hill; where there immediately appeared to us two figures, which extremely engaged my attention; the one was a young nymph in the prime of her youth and beauty; she had wings on her shoulders and feet, and was able to transport

herself to the most distant regions in the smallest space of time. She was continually varying her dress, sometimes into the most natural and becoming habits in the world, and at others into the most wild and freakish garb that can be imagined. There stood by her a man full aged, and of great gravity, who corrected her inconsistencies by showing them in his mirror, and still flung her affected and unbecoming ornaments down the mountain, which fell in the plain below, and were gathered up and wore with great satisfaction by those that inhabited it. The name of this nymph was Fancy, the daughter of Liberty, the most beautiful of all the mountain nymphs. The other was Judgment, the offspring of Time, and the only child he acknowledged to be his. A youth, who sat upon a throne just between them, was their genuine offspring; his name was Wit, and his seat was composed of the works of the most celebrated authors. I could not but see with a secret joy, that though the Greeks and Romans made the majority, yet our own countrymen were the next, both in number and dignity. I was now at liberty to take a full prospect of that delightful region: I was inspired with new vigour and life, and saw every thing in nobler and more pleasing views than before; I breathed a purer ether in a sky which was a continued azure, gilded with perpetual sunshine. The two summits of the mountain rose on each side, and formed in the midst a most delicious vale, the habitation of the Muses, and of such as had composed works worthy of immortality. Apollo was seated upon a throne of gold, and for a canopy an aged laurel spread its boughs

and its shade over his head. His bow and quiver lay at his feet. He held his harp in his hand, whilst the Muses round about him celebrated with hymns his victory over the serpent Python, and, sometimes sung in softer notes the loves of Leucothoe and Daphnis. Homer, Virgil and Milton, were seated the next to them. Behind were a great number of others, among whom I was surprised to see some in the habit of Laplanders, who, notwithstanding the uncouthness of their dress, had lately obtained a place upon the mountain. I saw Pindar walking all alone, no one daring to accost him, till Cowley joined himself to him; but growing weary of one who almost walked him out of breath, he left him for Horace and Anacreon; with whom he seemed infinitely delighted

‘A little further I saw another group of figures; I made up to them, and found it was Socrates dictating to Xenophon and the spirit of Plato; but most of all, Musæus had the greatest audience about him. I was at too great a distance to hear what he said, or to discover the faces of his hearers; only I thought I now perceived Virgil, who had joined them, and stood in a posture full of admiration at the harmony of his words.

‘Lastly, at the very brink of the hill, I saw Boccalini sending despatches to the world below, of what happened upon Parnassus; but I perceived he did it without leave of the Muses, and by stealth, and was unwilling to have them revised by Apollo. I could now, from this height and serene sky, behold the infinite cares and anxieties with which mortals below sought out their way through the maze of life. I saw the path

of virtue lie straight before them, whilst *Interest*, or some malicious demon, still hurried them out of the way. I was at once touched with pleasure at my own happiness, and compassion at the sight of their inextricable errors. Here the two contending passions rose so high, that they were inconsistent with the sweet repose I enjoyed; and awaking with a sudden start, the only consolation I could admit of for my loss, was the hopes that this relation of my dream will not displease you.'

T.

No. 515. TUESDAY, OCT. 21. *By Steele.*

*Pudet me et miseret, qui harum mores cantabat mihi,
Monuisse frustra*——

TER. Heaut act. 2. sc. 2.

I am ashamed and grieved, that I neglected his advice who gave me the character of these creatures.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM obliged to you for printing the account I lately sent to you of a coquette who disturbed a sober congregation in the city of London, (No. 503.) That intelligence ended at her taking coach, and bidding the driver go where he knew. I could not leave her so, but dogged her, as hard as she drove, to Paul's church-yard, where there was a stop of coaches attending company coming out of the cathedral. This gave me an opportunity to hold up a crown to her coachman, who gave me the signal, that he would hurry on and make no haste, as you know the way is when they favour a chase. By his many kind blunders,

driving against other coaches, and slipping off some of his tackle, I could keep up with him, and lodged my fine lady in the parish of St. James's. As I guessed, when I first saw her at church, her business is to win hearts and throw them away, regarding nothing but the triumph. I have had the happiness, by tracing her through all with whom I heard she was acquainted to find one who was intimate with a friend of mine, and to be introduced to her notice. I have made so good use of my time, as to procure from that intimate of her's one of her letters, which she writ to her when in the country. This epistle of her own may serve to alarm the world against her ordinary life, as mine, I hope, did those who shall behold her at church. The letter was written last winter to the lady who gave it me; and I doubt not but you will find it the soul of a happy self-loving dame that takes all the admiration she can meet with, and returns none of it in love to her admirers.

‘DEAR JENNY,

‘I am glad to find you are likely to be disposed of in marriage so much to your approbation, as you tell me. You say you are afraid only of me, for I shall laugh at your spouse's airs. I beg of you not to fear it, for I am too nice a discernor to laugh at any but whom most other people think fine fellows; so that your dear may bring you hither as soon as his horses are in case enough to appear in town, and you will be very safe against any raillery you may apprehend from me; for I am surrounded with coxcombs of my own making, who are all ridiculous.

in a manner: your good man, I presume, can not exert himself. As men who can not raise their fortunes, and are uneasy under the incapacity of shining at court, rail at ambition; so do we awkward and insipid women, who can not warm the hearts and charm the eyes of men, rail at affectation: but she that has the joy of seeing a man's heart leap into his eyes at beholding her, is in no pain for want of esteem among a crew of that part of her own sex, who have no spirit but that of envy, and no language but that of malice. I do not in this, I hope, express myself insensible of the merit of Leodacia, who lowers her beauty to all but her husband, and never spreads her charms but to gladden him who has a right in them: I say, I do honour to those who can be coquettes, and are not such; but I despise all who would be so, and in despair of arriving at it themselves, hate and vilify all those who can. But, be that as it will, in answer to your desire of knowing my history, one of my chief present pleasures is in country-dances: and in obedience to me, as well as the pleasure of coming up to me with a good grace, showing themselves in their address to others in my presence, and the like opportunities, they are all proficient in that way; and I had the happiness of being the other night where we made six couple, and every woman's partner a professed lover of mine. The wildest imagination can not form to itself on any occasion higher delight than I acknowledge myself to have been in all that evening. I chose out of my admirers a set of men who most love me, and gave them partners of such of my own sex who most envied me.

‘My way is, when any man who is my admirer pretends to give himself airs of merit, as at this time a certain gentleman you know did, to mortify him by favouring in his presence the most insignificant creature I can find. At this ball I was led into the company by pretty Mr. Fanfly, who, you know, is the most obsequious, well-shaped, well-bred, woman’s man in town. I at first entrance declared him my partner if I danced at all; which put the whole assembly into a grin, as forming no terrors from such a rival. But we had not been long in the room before I overheard the meritorious gentleman abovementioned, say with an oath, there is no raillery in the thing, she certainly loves the puppy. My gentleman, when we were dancing, took an occasion to be very soft in his oglings upon a lady he danced with, and whom he knew of all women I love most to outshine. The contest began who should plague the other most. I, who do not care a farthing for him, had no hard task to outvex him. I made Fanfly, with a very little encouragement, cut capers *coupee*, and then sink with all the air and tenderness imaginable. When he performed this, I observed the gentleman you know of fall into the same way, and imitate as well as he could the despised Fanfly. I can not well give you, who are so grave a country lady, the idea of the joy we have when we see a stubborn heart breaking or a man of sense turning fool for our sakes; but this happened to our friend, and I expect his attendance whenever I go to church, to court, to the play, or to the park. This is a sacrifice due to us women of genius, who have the eloquence of beauty and easy mien.

I mean by an easy mien, one which can be on occasion easily affected; for I must tell you, dear Jenny, I hold one maxim, which is an uncommon one, to wit, that our greatest charms are owing to affectation. 'Tis to that our arms can lodge so quietly just over our hips, and the fan can play without any force or motion but just of the wrist. 'Tis to affectation we owe the pensive attention of Deidamia at a tragedy, the scornful approbation of Dulcimara at a comedy, and the lowly aspect of Lanquicelsa at a sermon.

'To tell you the plain truth, I know no pleasure but in being admired, and have yet never failed of attaining the approbation of the man whose regard I had a mind to. You see all the men who make a figure in the world (as wise a look as they are pleased to put upon the matter) are moved by the same vanity as I am. What is there in ambition, but to make other people's wills depend upon yours? This indeed is not to be aimed at by one who has a genius no higher than to think of being a very good housewife in a country gentleman's family. The care of poultry and pigs are great enemies to the countenance: the vacant look of a fine lady is not to be preserved, if she admits any thing to take up her thoughts, but her own dear person. But I interrupt you too long from your cares, and myself from my conquests. I am, madam, your most humble servant."

'Give me leave, Mr. Spectator, to add her friend's answer to this epistle, who is a very discreet ingenious woman.

'DEAR GATTY—I take your raillery in very good part, and am obliged to you for the free air

with which you speak of your own gaieties. But this is but a barren superficial pleasure. Indeed, Gatty, we are made for man; and in serious sadness I must tell you, whether you yourself know it or no, all these gallantries tend to no other end but to be a wife and a mother as fast as you can. I am, madam, your most humble servant."

T.

No. 516. WEDNESDAY, OCT. 22. *By Steele.*

Immortale odium et nunquam sanabile vulnus.

Inde furor vulgo, quod ramina vicinorum

Odit uterque locus, quum solos credit habendos

Esse Deos quos ipse colit——

JUV. Sat. 15. v. 34.

——A grudge, time out of mind, begun,
And mutually bequeath'd from sire to son!
Religious spite and pious spleen bred first
The quarrel, which so long the bigots nurst;
Each calls the other's God a senseless stock;
His own, divine.

TATE.

OF all the monstrous passions and opinions which have crept into the world, there is none so wonderful as that those who profess the common name of christian should pursue each other with rancour and hatred for differences in their way of following the example of their Saviour. It seems so natural that all who pursue the steps of any leader should form themselves after his manner, that it is impossible to account for effects so different from what we might expect from those who profess themselves followers of the highest pattern of meekness and charity, but

by ascribing such effects to the ambition and corruption of those who are so audacious, with souls full of fury, to serve at the altars of the God of peace.

The massacres to which the church of Rome has animated the ordinary people, are dreadful instances of the truth of this observation; and whoever reads the history of the Irish rebellion, and the cruelties which ensued thereupon, will be sufficiently convinced to what rage poor ignorants may be worked up by those who profess holiness, and become incendiaries, and under the dispensations of grace, promote evils abhorrent to nature.

This subject and catastrophe, which deserve so well to be remarked by the protestant world, will, I doubt not, be considered by the reverend and learned prelate that preaches to-morrow before many of the descendants of those who perished on that lamentable day, in a manner suitable to the occasion, and worthy his own great virtue and eloquence.

I shall not dwell upon it any further, but only transcribe out of a little tract, called the Christian Hero, published in 1701, what I find there in honour of the renowned hero, William III. who rescued that nation from the repetition of the same disasters. His late majesty of glorious memory, and the most christian king, are considered at the conclusion of that treatise as heads of the protestant and Roman catholic world, in the following manner:

‘ There were not ever, before the entrance of the christian name into the world, men who have maintained a more renowned carriage than the

two great rivals who possess the full fame of the present age, and will be the theme and examination of the future. They are exactly formed by nature for those ends to which heaven seems to have sent them amongst us; both animated with a restless desire of glory, but pursue it by different means, and with different motives. To one it consists in an extensive undisputed empire over his subjects, to the other in their rational and voluntary obedience; one's happiness is founded in their want of power, the other's in their want of desire to oppose him. The one enjoys the summit of fortune with the luxury of a Persian, the other with the moderation of a Spartan: one is made to oppress, the other to relieve the oppressed: the one is satisfied with the pomp and ostentation of power to prefer and debase his inferiors; the other delighted only with the cause and foundation of it, to cherish and protect them. To one therefore religion is but a convenient disguise, to the other a vigorous motive of action.

‘For without such ties of real and solid honour, there is no way of forming a monarch, but after the Machiavelian scheme, by which a prince must ever seem to have all virtues, but really to be master of none; but is to be liberal, merciful, and just, only as they serve his interest; while, with the noble art of hypocrisy, empire would be to be extended, and new conquests be made by new devices; by which prompt address his creatures might insensibly give law in the business of life, by leading men in the entertainment of it.

‘Thus when words and show are apt to pass for the substantial things they are only to express,

there would need no more to enslave a country but to adorn a court: for while every man's vanity makes him believe himself capable of becoming luxury, enjoyments are a ready bait for sufferings, and the hopes of preferment invitations to servitude; which slavery would be coloured with all the agreements, as they call it, imaginable. The noblest arts and artists, the finest pens and most elegant minds, jointly employed to set it off, with the various embellishments of sumptuous entertainments, charming assemblies, and polished discourses; and those apostate abilities of men, the adored monarch might profusely and skilfully encourage, while they flatter his virtue, and gild his vice at so high a rate, that he, without scorn of the one or love of the other, would alternately and occasionally use both: so that his bounty should support him in his rapines, his mercy in his cruelties.

‘Nor is it to give things a more severe look than is natural, to suppose such must be the consequences of a prince's having no other pursuit than that of his own glory: for if we consider an infant born into the world, and beholding itself the mightiest thing in it, itself the present admiration and future prospect of a fawning people, who profess themselves great or mean, according to the figure he is to make amongst them; what fancy would not be debauched to believe they were, but what they professed themselves, his mere creatures, and use them as such by purchasing with their lives a boundless renown, which he, for want of a more just prospect, would place in the number of his slaves, and the extent of his territories? Such undoubtedly would be

the tragical effects of a prince's living with no religion, which are not to be surpassed but by his having a false one.

‘If ambition were spirited with zeal, what would follow, but that his people should be converted into an army, whose swords can make right in power, and solve controversy in belief? And if men should be stiffnecked to the doctrine of that visible church, let them be contented with an oar and a chain, in the midst of stripes and anguish, to contemplate on Him, *whose yoke is easy, and whose burden is light.*

‘With a tyranny begun on his own subjects, and indignation that others draw their breath independent of his frown or smile, why should he not proceed to the seizure of the world? and if nothing but the thirst of sway were the motive of his actions, why should treaties be other than mere words, or solemn national compacts be any thing but a halt in the march of that army, who are never to lay down their arms till all men are reduced to the necessity of hanging their lives on his wayward will; who might supinely, and at leisure, expiate his own sins by other men's sufferings, while he daily meditates new slaughter and new conquest?

‘For mere man, when giddy with unbridled power, is an insatiate idol, not to be appeased with myriads offered to his pride, which may be puffed up by the adulation of a base and prostrate world, into an opinion that he is something more than human, by being something less; and alas! what is there that mortal man will not believe of himself, when complimented with the attributes of God? He can then conceive thoughts

of a power as *omnipresent* as his. But should there be such a foe of mankind now upon earth, have our sins so far provoked heaven, that we are left utterly naked to his fury? Is there no power, no leader, no genius that can conduct and animate us to our death or our defence? Yes, our great God never gave one to reign by his permission, but he gave to another also to reign by his grace.

‘ All the circumstances of the illustrious life of our prince, seem to have conspired to make him the check and bridle of tyranny: for his mind has been strengthened and confirmed by one continued struggle, and heaven has educated him by adversity to a quick sense of the distresses and miseries of mankind, which he was born to redress; in just scorn of the trivial glories and light ostentations of power, that glorious instrument of Providence moves, like that, in a steady calm, and silent course, independent either of applause or calumny; which renders him, if not in a political, yet in a moral, a philosophic, a heroic, and a christian sense, an absolute monarch; who, satisfied with this unchangeable, just, and ample glory, must needs turn all his regards from himself to the service of others; for he begins his enterprises with his own share in the success of them: for integrity bears in itself its reward; nor can that which depends not on event ever know disappointment.

‘ With the undoubted character of a glorious captain, and (what he much more values than the most splendid titles) that of a sincere and honest man, he is the hope and stay of Europe, an universal good not to be engrossed by us only, for

distant potentates implore his friendship, and injured empires court his assistance. He rules the world, not by an invasion of the people of the earth, but the address of its princes, and if that world should be again roused from the repose which his prevailing arms had given it, why should we not hope that there is an Almighty, by whose influence the terrible enemy that thinks himself prepared for battle, may find he is ripe for destruction? and that there may be in the womb of time great incidents, which may make the catastrophe of a prosperous life as unfortunate as the particular scenes of it were successful? For there does not want a skilful eye and resolute arm to observe and grasp the occasion: a prince, who from——

‘——*Fuit Ilium et ingens*
Gloria——

VIRG. *Æn.* 2. v. 325.

‘Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town.’ DRYDEN.

No. 517. THURSDAY, OCT. 23. *By Addison.*

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!——

VIRGIL

Mirror of ancient faith!

Undaunted worth! inviolable truth!

DRYDEN.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, sir Roger de Coverley is dead. (a) He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks sickness. Sir

Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a whig justice of peace, who was always sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my readers a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

‘ HONOURED SIR,

‘ Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take

great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hopes of his recovery upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life, but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black ridinghood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge; and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells every body that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears.

He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father, sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the *quorum*: the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze and the women in ridinghoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from, honoured sir, your most sorrowful servant,
EDWARD BISCUIT.'

'P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to sir Andrew Freeport, in his name.'

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our

good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the act of uniformity, with some passages in it marked by sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing, burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me, that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

O.

No. 518. FRIDAY, OCT. 24. *By Steele.*

From the Letter-Box.

— *Miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ,
Ne collapsæ ruant subductis tecta columnis.*

JUV.

'Tis poor relying on another's fame:
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The superstructure must in ruins fall.

STEPNEY.

THIS being a day of business with me, I must make the present entertainment like a treat at a house-warming, out of such presents as have been sent me by my guests. The first dish which I serve up is a letter come fresh to my hand.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'It is with inexpressible sorrow that I hear of the death of good sir Roger, and do heartily con-

dole with you upon so melancholy an occasion. I think you ought to have blackened the edges of a paper which brought us so ill news, and to have had it stamped likewise in black. It is expected of you, that you should write his epitaph, and, if possible, fill his place in the club with as worthy and diverting a member. I question not but you will receive many recommendations from the public of such as will appear candidates for that post.

‘ Since I am talking of death, and have mentioned an epitaph, I must tell you, sir, that I have made discovery of a church-yard in which I believe you might spend an afternoon with great pleasure to yourself and to the public: it belongs to the church of Stebonheath, commonly called Stepney. Whether or no it be that the people of that parish have a particular genius for an epitaph, or that there be some poet among them who undertakes that work by the great, I can not tell: but there are more remarkable inscriptions in that place, than in any other I have met with; and I may say, without vanity, that there is not a gentleman in England better read in tomb-stones than myself, my studies having laid very much in church-yards. I shall beg leave to send you a couple of epitaphs, for a sample of those I have just now mentioned. They are written in a different manner; the first being in the diffused and luxuriant, the second in the close contracted style. The first has much of the simple and pathetic, the second is something light but nervous. The first is thus:

"Here Thomas Sapper lies interr'd. Ah why!
 Born in New England, did in London die;
 Was the third son of eight, begot upon
 His mother Martha by his father John.
 Much favour'd by his prince he 'gan to be,
 But nipt by death at th' age of twenty-three.
 Fæ'al to him was that we small-pox name,
 By which his mother and two brethren came
 Also to breathe their last, nine years before,
 And now have left their father to deplore
 The loss of all his children with his wife,
 Who was the joy and comfort of his life."

'The second is as follows:

"Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
 Spittlefields weaver, and that's all."

'I will not dismiss you, whilst I am upon this subject, without sending a short epitaph which I once met with, though I can not possibly recollect the place. The thought of it is serious, and, in my opinion, the finest that I ever met with upon this occasion. You know, sir, it is usual, after having told us the name of the person who lies interred, to launch out into his praises. This epitaph takes a quite contrary turn, having been made by the person himself some time before his death.

"Hic jacet R. C. in expectatione diei supremi. Qualis erit, dies iste indicabit.

"Here lieth R. C. in expectation of the last day. What sort of man he was, that day will discover."

'I am, sir, &c.'

The following letter is dated from Cambridge.

'SIR,

'Having lately read among your speculations an essay upon physiognomy, I can not but think

that if you made a visit to this ancient university, you might receive very considerable lights upon that subject, there being scarce a young fellow in it who does not give certain indications of his particular humour and disposition conformable to the rules of that art. In courts and cities every body lays a constraint upon his countenance, and endeavours to look like the rest of the world; but the youth of this place, having not yet formed themselves by conversation and the knowledge of the world, give their limbs and features their full play.

‘As you have considered human nature in all its lights, you must be extremely well apprized that there is a very close correspondence between the outward and the inward man: that scarce the least dawning, the least parturiency towards a thought can be stirring in the mind of man, without producing a suitable revolution in his exteriors, which will easily discover itself to an adept in the theory of the phiz. Hence it is, that the intrinsic worth and merit of a son of Alma Mater is ordinarily calculated, from the cast of his visage, the contour of his person, the mechanism of his dress, the disposition of his limbs, the manner of his gait and air, with a number of circumstances of equal consequence and information: the practitioners in this art often make use of a gentleman’s eyes to give them light into the posture of his brains; take a handle from his nose, to judge of the size of his intellects; and interpret the overmuch visibility and pertness of one ear, as an infallible mark of reprobation, and a sign the owner of so saucy a member fears neither God nor man. In conformity to this scheme,

a contracted brow, a lumpish downcast look, a sober sedate pace, with both hands dangling quiet and steady in lines exactly parallel to each lateral pocket of his galligaskins, is logic, metaphysics, and mathematics, in perfection. So likewise the Belles Lettres are typified by a saunter in the gait, a fall of one wing of the peruke backward, an insertion of one hand in the fob, and a negligent swing of the other, with a pinch of right and fine Barcelona between finger and thumb, a due quantity of the same upon the upper lip, and a noddle-case loaded with pulvil. Again, a grave solemn stalking pace is heroic poetry and politics; an unequal one, a genius for the ode and the modern ballad; and an open breast, with an audacious display of the Holland shirt, is construed a fatal tendency to the art military.

‘I might be much larger upon these hints, but I know whom I write to. If you can graft any speculation upon them, or turn them to the advantage of the persons concerned in them, you will do a work very becoming the British Spectator, and oblige your very humble servant,

‘TOM TWEER.’*

* By Mr. Henley, the orator.

No. 519. SATURDAY, OCT. 25. *By Addison.*

*Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus.* VIRG.

Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main. DRYDEN.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe, the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observations and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled, every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On

the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes and rivers teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures: we find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts, and every part of matter affording proper necessities and conveniences for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of the *Plurality of Worlds* draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the peopling of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

Existence is a blessing to those beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any further than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and that there is no more of the one than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

Infinite goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge further upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense besides that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of perfection in the sense which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after this we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does

not swarm with life: nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence: he has, therefore, *specified* in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chasm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness, or wisdom of the Divine Being, more manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises by such a regular progress, so high as man, we may, by a parity of reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him, since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. The consequence of so great a variety of beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. Locke, in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible

that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being and the power which produced him.

‘ That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence, that in all the visible corporeal world, we see no chasms or no gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy region: and there are some birds that are inhabitants of the water, whose blood is cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both: amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together: seals live at land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids or sea-men. There are some brutes that seem to have as much knowledge and reason as some that are called men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of one and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them: and so on till we come to the lowest and the most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find every where that the several *species* are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker,

we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the Architect, that the *species* of creatures should also, by gentle degrees, ascend upward from us towards his infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downward; which, if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded that there are far more *species* of creatures above us than there are beneath, we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing; and yet of all those distinct *species* we have no clear distinct *ideas*.'

In this system of being there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of beings which has been often termed the *Nexus utriusque mundi*. So that he who in one respect is associated with angels and arch-angels, may look upon a being of infinite perfection as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may, in another respect, say to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.

No. 520. MONDAY, OCT. 27. *By Steele.*

From the Letter-Box.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus

Tam churi capitis?—

HOR. Od. 24. l. 1. v. 1.

And who can grieve too much? What time shall end

Our mourning for so dear a friend?

CREECH.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘THE just value you have expressed for the matrimonial state is the reason that I now venture to write to you without fear of being ridiculous; and confess to you, that though it is three months since I lost a very agreeable woman, who was my wife, my sorrow is still fresh; and I am often, in the midst of company, upon any circumstance that revives her memory, with a reflection what she would say or do on such an occasion; I say, upon any occurrence of that nature, which I can give you a sense of, though I can not express it wholly, I am all over softness, and am obliged to retire and give way to a few sighs and tears before I can be easy. I can not but recommend the subject of male widowhood to you, and beg of you to touch upon it by the first opportunity. To those who have not lived like husbands during the lives of their spouses, this would be a tasteless jumble of words; but to such (of whom there are not a few) who have enjoyed that state with the sentiments proper for it, you will have every line, which hits the sorrow, attended with a tear of pity and consolation. For I know not by what goodness of Providence it is, that every gush of passion is a step towards the relief of it; and there is a certain comfort in the very act of,

sorrowing, which, I suppose, arises from a secret consciousness in the mind, that the affliction it is under flows from a virtuous cause. My concern is not indeed so outrageous as at the first transport; for I think it has subsided rather into a sober state of mind than any actual perturbation of spirit. There might be rules formed for men's behaviour on this great incident, to bring them from that misfortune into the condition I am at present; which is, I think, that my sorrow has converted all roughness of temper into meekness, good-nature, and complacency: but indeed, when in a serious and lonely hour I present my departed consort to my imagination, with that air of persuasion in her countenance when I have been in passion, that sweet affability when I have been in good humour, that tender compassion when I have had any thing which gave me uneasiness, I confess to you I am inconsolable, and my eyes gush with grief, as if I had seen her but just then expire. In this condition I am broken in upon by a charming young woman, my daughter, who is the picture of what her mother was on her wedding-day. The good girl strives to comfort me; but how shall I let you know, that all the comfort she gives me is to make my tears flow more easily? The child knows she quickens my sorrows, and rejoices my heart at the same time. Oh ye learned! tell me by what word to speak a motion of the soul for which there is no name. When she kneels and bids me be comforted, she is my child; when I take her in my arms and bid her say no more, she is my very wife, and is the very comforter I lament the loss of. I banish her the room, and weep

aloud that I have lost her mother, and that I have her.

‘ Mr. Spectator, I wish it were possible for you to have a sense of these pleasing perplexities! you might communicate to the guilty part of mankind, that they are incapable of the happiness which is in the very sorrows of the virtuous.

‘ But pray spare me a little longer, give me leave to tell you the manner of her death. She took leave of all her family, and bore the vain application of medicines with the greatest patience imaginable. When the physician told her she must certainly die, she desired, as well as she could, that all who were present except myself, might depart the room. She said she had nothing to say, for she was resigned, and I knew all she knew that concerned us in this world; but she desired to be alone, that in the presence of God only she might, without interruption, do her last duty to me, of thanking me for all my kindness to her; adding, that she hoped in my last moments I should feel the same comfort for my goodness to her, as she did in that she had acquitted herself with honour, truth and virtue, to me.

‘ I curb myself, and will not tell you that this kindness cut my heart in twain, when I expected an accusation for some passionate starts of mine, in some parts of our time together, to say nothing but thank me for the good, if there was any good suitable to her own excellence! All that I had ever said to her, all the circumstances of sorrow and joy between us, crowded upon my mind in the same instant; and when immediately after I saw the pangs of death come upon that dear

body which I had often embraced with transport, when I saw those cherishing eyes begin to be ghastly, and their last struggle to be to fix themselves on me, how did I lose all patience? She expired in my arms, and in my distraction, I thought I saw her bosom still heave. There was certainly life yet still left. I cried, 'She just now spoke to me.' But alas! I grew giddy, and all things moved about me from the distemper of my own head; for the best of women was breathless, and gone for ever.

'Now the doctrine I would, methinks, have you raise from this account I have given you, is, that there is a certain equanimity in those who are good and just, which runs into their very sorrow, and disappoints the force of it. Though they must pass through afflictions in common with all who are in human nature, yet their conscious integrity shall undermine their affliction; nay, that very affliction shall add force to their integrity, from a reflection of the use of virtue in the hour of affliction. I sat down with a design to put you upon giving us rules how to overcome such griefs as these, but I should rather advise you to teach men to be capable of them.

'You men of letters have what you call the fine taste in your apprehensions of what is properly done or said; there is something like this deeply grafted in the soul of him who is honest and faithful in all his thoughts and actions. Every thing which is false, vicious or unworthy, is despicable to him, though all the world should approve it. At the same time he has the most lively sensibility in all enjoyments and sufferings which it is proper for him to have, where any

duty of life is concerned. To want sorrow when you in decency and truth should be afflicted, is, I should think, a greater instance of a man's being a blockhead, than not to know the beauty of any passage in Virgil. You have not yet observed, Mr. Spectator, that the fine gentlemen of this age set up for hardness of heart, and humanity has very little share in their pretences. He is a brave fellow who is always ready to kill a man he hates, but he does not stand in the same degree of esteem who laments for the woman he loves. I should fancy you might work up a thousand pretty thoughts, by reflecting upon the persons most susceptible of the sort of sorrow I have spoken of; and I dare say you will find upon examination, that they are the wisest and the bravest of mankind who are the most capable of it. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

“Norwich, 7^o Octobris, 1712.

F. J.’

T.

No. 521. TUESDAY, OCT. 28. *By Steele.*

“*Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit.*

P. ARR.

“The real face returns, the counterfeit is lost.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“I HAVE been for many years loud in this assertion that there are very few that can see or hear, I mean that can report what they have seen or heard; and this through incapacity or prejudice, one of which disables almost every man who talks to you from representing things as he ought. For

which reason I am come to a resolution of believing nothing I hear; and I condemn the man given to narration under the appellation of a matter-of-fact man; and, according to me, a matter-of-fact man is one whose life and conversation is spent in the report of what is not matter of fact.

‘I remember when Prince Eugene was here, there was no knowing his height or figure, till you, Mr. Spectator, gave the public satisfaction in that matter. In relation, the force of the expression lies very often more in the look, the tone of voice, or the gesture, than the words themselves, which being repeated in any other manner by the undiscerning, bear a very different interpretation from their original meaning. I must confess I formerly have turned this humour of mine to very good account; for whenever I heard any narration uttered with extraordinary vehemence, and grounded upon considerable authority, I was always ready to lay any wager that it was not so. Indeed, I never pretended to be so rash as to fix the matter any particular way in opposition to theirs; but as there are a hundred ways of any thing happening, besides that it has happened, I only controverted its falling out in that one manner as they settled it, and left it to the ninety-nine other ways, and consequently had more probability of success. I had arrived at a more particular skill in warning a man so far in his narration as to make him throw in a little of the marvellous, and then, if he has much fire, the next degree is the impossible. Now this is always the time for fixing the wager. But this requires the nicest management, otherwise very probably the dispute may arise to the old determination by battle. In

these conceits I have been very fortunate, and have won some wagers of those who have professedly valued themselves upon intelligence, and have put themselves to great charge and expense to be misinformed considerably sooner than the rest of the world.

‘Having got a comfortable sum by this my opposition to public report, I have brought myself now to so great a perfection in inattention, more especially to party relations, that at the same time I seem with greedy ears to devour up the discourse, I certainly do not know one word of it, but pursue my own course of thought, whether upon business or amusement, with much tranquillity: I say inattention, because a late act of parliament (*a*) has secured all party liars from the penalty of a wager, and consequently made it unprofitable to attend to them. However, good-breeding obliges a man to maintain the figure of the keenest attention, the true posture of which in a coffee-house I take to consist in leaning over a table, with the edge of it pressing hard upon your stomach: for the more pain the narration is received with, the more gracious is your bending over: besides that the narrator thinks you forget your pain by the pleasure of hearing him.

‘Fort Knock has occasioned several very perplexed and elegant heats and animosities; and there was one the other day in a coffee-house where I was, that took upon him to clear that business to me, for he said he was there. I knew him to be that sort of man that had not strength of capacity to be informed of any thing that depended merely upon his being an eye-witness, and therefore was fully satisfied he could give me no information; for the very same reason he believed

he could, for he was there. However, I heard him with the same greediness as Shakspeare describes in the following lines:

‘ I saw a smith stand on his hammer, thus,
‘ With open mouth swallowing a tailor’s news.’

‘ I confess of late I have not been so much amazed at the declaimers in coffee-houses as I formerly was, being satisfied that they expect to be rewarded for their vociferations. Of these liars there are two sorts. The genius of the first consists in much impudence and a strong memory; the others have added to these qualifications a good understanding and smooth language. These therefore have only certain heads, which they are as eloquent upon as they can, and may be called embellishers; the others repeat only what they hear from others as literally as their parts or zeal will permit, and are called reciters. Here was a fellow in town some years ago, who used to divert himself by telling a lie at Charing-Cross in the morning at eight of the clock, and then following it through all parts of the town till eight at night; at which time he came to a club of his friends, and diverted them with an account of what censure it had at Will’s in Covent-Garden, how dangerous it was believed to be at Child’s, and what inference they drew from it with relation to stocks at Jonathan’s. I have had the honour to travel with this gentleman I speak of in search of one of his falsehoods; and have been present when they have described the very man they have spoken to, as him who first reported it, tall or short, black or fair, a gentleman or a ragamuffin,

according as they liked the intelligence. I have heard one of our ingenious writers of news say, that when he has had a customer come with an advertisement of an apprentice or a wife run away, he has desired the advertiser to compose himself a little before he dictated the description of the offender: for when a person is put into a public paper by a man who is angry with him, the real description of such a person is hid in the deformity with which the angry man describes him; therefore this fellow always made his customers describe him as he would the day before he offended, or else he was sure he would never find him out. These and many other hints I could suggest to you for the elucidation of all fictions; but I leave it to your own sagacity to improve or neglect this speculation. I am, sir,

‘Your most obedient and humble servant.’

T.

Postscript to the Spectator, No. 502.

‘N. B. There are in the play of the *Self-Tormentor* of Terence, which is allowed a most excellent comedy, several incidents which would draw tears from any man of sense, and not one which would move his laughter.

No. 522. WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29. *By Steele.*

From the Letter-Box.

—*Adjuro nunquam eam me deserturum:*

Non, si cupiundos mihi sciam esse inimicos omnes homines.

Hanc mihi expetivi, contigit: conveniunt mores; valeant,

Qui inter nos discidium volunt: hanc, nisi mors, mi adimet

nemo.

TER. Andr. act. 4. sc. 2.

I swear never to forsake her; no, though I were sure to make all men my enemies; her I desire; her I have obtained; our humours agree; perish all those who would separate us! Death alone shall deprive me of her.

I SHOULD esteem myself a very happy man if my speculations could in the least contribute to the rectifying the conduct of my readers in one of the most important affairs of life, to wit, their choice in marriage. This state is the foundation of community, and the chief band of society; and I do not think I can be too frequent on subjects which may give light to my unmarried readers, in a particular which is so essential to their following happiness or misery. A virtuous disposition, a good understanding, an agreeable person, and an easy fortune, are the things which should be chiefly regarded on this occasion. Because my present view is to direct a young lady, who, I think, is now in doubt whom to take of many lovers, I shall talk at this time to my female readers. The advantages, as I was going to say, of sense, beauty, and riches, and what are certainly the chief motives to a prudent young woman of fortune for changing her condition; but as she is to have her eye upon each of these, she is to ask

herself, whether the man who has most of these recommendations in the lump is not the most desirable? He that has excellent talents, with a moderate estate, and an agreeable person, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good faculties may purchase riches, but riches can not purchase worthy endowments. I do not mean that wit, and a capacity to entertain, is what should be highly valued, except it is founded upon good-nature and humanity. There are many ingenious men whose abilities do little else but make themselves and those about them uneasy: such are those who are far gone in the pleasures of the town, who can not support life without quick sensations and gay reflections, and are strangers to tranquillity, to right reason, and a calm motion of spirits without transport or dejection. These ingenious men of all men living, are most to be avoided by her who would be happy in a husband. They are immediately sated with possession, and must necessarily fly to new acquisitions of beauty, to pass away the whiling moments and intervals of life; for with them every hour is heavy that is not joyful. But there is a sort of man of wit and sense, that can reflect upon his own make, and that of his partner, with the eyes of reason and honour, and who believes he offends against both these if he does not look upon the woman (who chose him to be under his protection in sickness and health) with the utmost gratitude, whether, from that moment, she is shining or defective in person or mind: I say, there are those who think themselves bound to supply with good-nature the failings of those who love them, and who always think those the objects of

love and pity who came to their arms the objects of joy and admiration.

Of this latter sort is Lysander, a man of wit, learning, sobriety, and good-nature, of birth and estate below no woman to accept, and of whom it might be said should he succeed in his present wishes, his mistress raised his fortune, but not that she made it. When a woman is deliberating with herself whom she shall choose of many near each other in their pretensions, certainly he of best understanding is to be preferred. Life hangs heavily in the repeated conversation of one who has no imagination to be fired at the several occasions and objects which come before him, or who can not strike out of his reflections new paths of pleasing discourse. Honest Will Thrash and his wife, though not married above four months, have had scarce a word to say to each other these six weeks; and one can not form to one's self a sillier picture than those two creatures in solemn pomp and plenty, unable to enjoy their fortunes, and at a full stop among a crowd of servants to whose taste of life they are beholden for the little satisfactions by which they can be understood to be so much as barely in being. The hours of the day, the distinctions of noon and night, dinner and supper, are the greatest notices they are capable of. This is perhaps representing the life of a very modest woman, joined to a dull fellow, more insipid than it really deserves; but I am sure it is not to exalt the commerce with an ingenious companion too high, to say that every new accident or object, which comes into such a gentleman's way, gives his wife new pleasures and satisfactions. The approbation of his words

and actions is a continual new feast to her, nor can she enough applaud her good fortune in having her life varied every hour, her mind more improved, and her heart more glad, from every circumstance which they meet with. He will lay out his invention in forming new pleasures and amusements, and make the fortune she has brought him subservient to the honour and reputation of her and her's. A man of sense who is thus obliged, is ever contriving the happiness of her who did him so great a distinction: while the fool is ungrateful without vice, and never returns a favour because he is not sensible of it. I would, methinks, have so much to say for myself, that if I fell into the hands of him who treated me ill, he should be sensible when he did so; his conscience should be of my side whatever became of his inclination. I do not know but it is the insipid choice which has been made by those who have the care of young women, that the marriage state itself has been liable to so much ridicule. But a well chosen love, moved by a passion on both sides, and perfected by the generosity of one party, must be adorned with so many handsome incidents on the other side, that every particular couple would be an example in many circumstances to all the rest of the species. I shall end the chat upon this subject with a couple of letters, one from a lover who is very well acquainted with the way of bargaining on these occasions; and the other from his rival, who has a less estate, but great gallantry of temper. As for my man of prudence, he makes love, as he says, as if he were already a father, and, laying aside the passion, comes to the reason of the thing.

‘MADAM,

‘My counsel has perused the inventory of your estate, and considered what estate you have, which it seems is only yours and to the male-heirs of your body; but in default of such issue, to the right heirs of your uncle Edward for ever. Thus, madam, I am advised you can not (the remainder not being in you) dock the entail; by which means my estate, which is fee-simple, will come by the settlement proposed to your children begotten by me, whether they are males or females; but my children begotten upon you will not inherit your lands, except I beget a son. Now, madam, since things are so, you are a woman of that prudence, and understand the world so well, as not to expect I should give you more than you can give me.

‘I am, Madam, with great respect,

‘Your most obedient humble servant,

‘T. W.’

The other lover’s estate is less than this gentleman’s, but he expressed himself as follows:

‘MADAM,

‘I HAVE given in my estate to your counsel, and desired my own lawyers to insist upon no terms which your friends can propose for your certain ease and advantage; for indeed I have no notion of making difficulties of presenting you with what can not make me happy without you.

‘I am, Madam,

‘Your most devoted humble servant,

‘B. T.’

You must know the relations have met upon this, and the girl being mightily taken with the latter epistle, she is laughed at, and uncle Edward is to be dealt with to make her a suitable match to the worthy gentleman who has told her he does not care a farthing for her. All I hope for is, that the lady fair will make use of the first light night to show B. T. she understands a marriage is not to be considered as a common bargain.

T.

No. 523. THURSDAY, OCT. 30. *By Addison.*

— *Nunc augur Apollo,
Nunc Lyciæ sortes, nunc et Jove missus ab ipso
Interpres divum fert horrida jussa per auras.
Scilicet is superis labor—* VIRG. ÆN. 4. v. 376.

Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian God,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate.

DRYDEN.

I AM always highly delighted with the discovery of any rising genius among my countrymen. For this reason I have read over, with great pleasure, the late miscellany published by Mr. Pope, in which there are many excellent compositions of that ingenious gentleman. I have had a pleasure of the same kind in perusing a poem that is just published on the *Prospect of Peace*, (a) and which I hope will meet with such a reward from its patrons as so noble a performance deserves. I was particularly well pleased to find that the author had

not amused himself with fables out of the Pagan theology, and that when he hints at any thing of this nature he alludes to it only as to a fable.

Many of our modern authors, whose learning very often extends no further than Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, do not know how to celebrate a great man, without mixing a parcel of school-boy tales with the recital of his actions. If you read a poem on a fine woman, among the authors of this class, you shall see that it turns more upon Venus or Helen than on the party concerned. I have known a copy of verses on a great hero highly commended; but upon asking to hear some of the beautiful passages, the admirer of it has repeated to me a speech of Apollo, or a description of Polypheme. At other times, when I have searched for the actions of a great man, who gave a subject to the writer, I have been entertained with the exploits of a river-god; or have been forced to attend a fury in her mischievous progress from one end of the poem to the other. When we are at school, it is necessary for us to be acquainted with the system of Pagan theology, and may be allowed to enliven a theme, or point an epigram with a heathen god; but when we would write a manly panegyric, that should carry in it all the colours of truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourse to our Jupiters and Junos.

No thought is beautiful which is not just; and no thought can be just which is not founded in truth, or at least in that which passes for such.

In mock-heroic poems, the use of the heathen mythology is not only excusable but graceful, because it is the design of such compositions to divert, by adapting the fabulous machines of the

ancients to low subjects, and at the same time by ridiculing such kinds of machinery in modern writers. If any are of opinion, that there is a necessity of admitting these classical legends into our serious compositions, in order to give them a more poetical turn, I would recommend to their consideration the pastorals of Mr. Phillips. One would have thought it impossible for this kind of poetry to have subsisted without fawns and satyrs, wood-nymphs and water-nymphs, with all the tribe of rural deities. But we see he has given a new life, and a more natural beauty to this way of writing, by substituting, in the place of these antiquated fables, the superstitious mythology which prevails among the shepherds of our own country.

Virgil and Homer might compliment their heroes, by interweaving the actions of deities with their achievements; but for a Christian author to write in the Pagan creed, to make Prince Eugene a favourite of Mars, or to carry on a correspondence between Bellona and the Marshal de Villars, would be downright puerility, and unpardonable in a poet that is past sixteen. It is want of sufficient elevation in a genius to describe realities, and place them in a shining light, that makes him have recourse to such trifling antiquated fables; as a man may write a fine description of Bacchus or Apollo, that does not know how to draw the character of any of his contemporaries.

In order therefore to put a stop to this absurd practice, I shall publish the following edict, by virtue of that Spectatorial authority with which I stand invested.

‘Whereas, the time of a general peace, is, in all appearance, drawing near, being informed that there are several ingenious persons who intend to show their talents on so happy an occasion, and being willing, as much as in me lies, to prevent that effusion of nonsense, which we have good cause to apprehend; I do hereby strictly require every person who shall write on this subject, to remember that he is a christian, and not to sacrifice his catechism to his poetry. In order to it, I do expect of him in the first place, to make his own poem, without depending upon Phœbus for any part of it, or calling out for aid upon any of the muses by name. I do likewise positively forbid the sending of Mercury with any particular message or dispatch relating to the peace, and shall by no means suffer Minerva to take upon her the shape of any plenipotentiary concerned in this great work. I do further declare, that I shall not allow the Destinies to have had a hand in the deaths of the several thousands who have been slain in the late war, being of opinion that all such deaths may be very well accounted for by the Christian system of powder and ball. I do therefore strictly forbid the Fates to cut the thread of man’s life, upon any pretence whatsoever, unless it be for the sake of the rhyme. And whereas I have good reason to fear, that Neptune will have a great deal of business on his hands, in several poems which we may now suppose are upon the anvil, I do also prohibit his appearance, unless it be done in metaphor, simile, or any very short allusion, and that even here he be not permitted to enter but with great caution and circumspection. I desire that the same rule

may be extended to his whole fraternity of heathen gods, it being my design to condemn every poem to the flames in which Jupiter thunders or exercises any other act of authority which does not belong to him: in short, I expect that no Pagan agent shall be introduced, or any fact related, which a man can not give credit to with a good conscience. Provided always, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to several of the female poets in this nation, who shall still be left in full possession of their gods and goddesses, in the same manner as if this paper had never been written.'

No. 524. FRIDAY, OCT. 31. *Author unknown. (a)*

Nos populo damus —

SENECA.

As the world leads, we follow.

WHEN I first of all took it in my head to write dreams and visions, I determined to print nothing of that nature which was not of my own invention. But several laborious dreamers have of late communicated to me works of this nature, which for their reputations and my own, I have hitherto suppressed. Had I printed every one that came to my hands, my book of speculations would have been little else but a book of visions. Some of my correspondents have indeed been so very modest, as to offer at an excuse for their not being in a capacity to dream better. I have by me, for example, the dream of a young gentle-

man not past fifteen. I have likewise by me the dream of a person of quality, and another called the lady's dream. In these, and other pieces of the same nature, it is supposed the usual allowances will be made to the age, condition, and sex of the dreamer. To prevent this inundation of dreams, which daily flows in upon me, I shall apply to all dreamers of dreams the advice which Epictetus has couched, after his manner, in a very simple and concise precept: 'Never tell thy dream,' says that philosopher, 'for though thou thyself may'st take a pleasure in telling thy dream, another will take no pleasure in hearing it.' After this short preface, I must do justice to two or three visions which I have lately published, and which I have owned to have been written by other hands. I shall add a dream to these, which comes to me from Scotland, by one who declares himself of that country, and for all I know maybe second-sighted. There is indeed something in it of the spirit of John Bunyan: but at the same time a certain sublime, which that author was never master of. I shall publish it, because I question not but it will fall in with the taste of all my popular readers, and amuse the imaginations of those who are more profound; declaring at the same time, that this is the last dream which I intend to publish this season.

' SIR,

' I was last Sunday in the evening led into a serious reflection on the reasonableness of virtue, and great folly of vice, from an excellent sermon I had heard that afternoon in my parish-church.

Among other observations, the preacher showed us, that the temptations which the tempter proposed were all on a supposition that we are either madmen or fools, or with an intention to render us such; that in no other affair we would suffer ourselves to be thus imposed upon, in a case so plainly and clearly against our visible interest. His illustrations and arguments carried so much persuasion and conviction with them, that they remained a considerable while fresh, and working in my memory, till at last the mind, fatigued with thought, gave way to the forcible oppressions of slumber and sleep, whilst fancy, unwilling yet to drop the subject, presented me with the following vision.

‘Methought I was just awoke out of a sleep that I could never remember the beginning of; the place where I found myself to be was a wide and spacious plain, full of people that wandered up and down through several beaten paths, whereof some few were straight and in direct lines, but most of them winding and turning like a labyrinth; but yet it appeared to me afterwards, that these last all met in one issue, so that many that seemed to steer quite contrary courses, did at length meet and face one another, to the no little amazement of many of them.

‘In the midst of the plain there was a great fountain; they called it the spring of *Self-Love*: out of it issued two rivulets to the eastward and westward: the name of the first was *Heavenly-Wisdom*; its water was wonderfully clear, but of a yet more wonderful effect: the other’s name was *Worldly-Wisdom*; its water was thick, and yet far from being dormant or stagnating, for it was in a con-

tinual violent agitation; which kept the travellers, whom I shall mention by and by, from being sensible of the foulness and thickness of the water; which had this effect, that it intoxicated those who drank it, and made them mistake every object that lay before them. Both rivulets were parted near their springs into so many others, as there were straight and crooked paths, which they attended all along to their respective issues.

‘I observed from the several paths many now and then diverting, to refresh and otherwise qualify themselves for their journey, to the respective rivulets that ran near them; they contracted a very observable courage and steadiness in what they were about by drinking these waters. At the end of the perspective of every straight path, all which did end in one issue and point, appeared a high pillar, all of diamond, casting rays as bright as those of the sun, into the paths, which rays had also certain sympathizing and alluring virtues in them; so that whosoever had made some considerable progress in his journey onwards towards the pillar, by the repeated impression of these rays upon him, was wrought into an habitual inclination and conversion of his sight, towards it, so that it grew at last in a manner natural to him to look and gaze upon it, whereby he was kept steady in the straight paths, which alone led to that radiant body; the beholding of which was now grown a gratification to his nature.

‘At the issue of the crooked paths there was a great black tower, out of the centre of which streamed a long succession of flames, which did rise even above the clouds; it gave a very great

light to the whole plain, which did sometimes outshine the light, and oppressed the beams of the adamantine pillar; though by the observation I made afterwards, it appeared that it was not for any diminution of light, but that this lay in the travellers who would sometimes step out of these straight paths, where they lost the full prospect of the radiant pillar, and saw it but sideways; but the great light from the black tower, which was somewhat particularly scorching to them, would generally light and hasten them to their proper climate again.

‘Round about the black tower there were, methought, many thousands of huge misshapen ugly monsters; these had great nets, which they were perpetually plying and casting towards the crooked paths; and they would now and then catch up those that were nearest to them; these they took up straight and whirled over the walls into the flaming tower, and they were no more seen nor heard of.

‘They would sometimes cast their nets towards the right paths to catch the stragglers, whose eyes, for want of frequent drinking at the brook that ran by them, grew dim, whereby they lost their way; these would sometimes very narrowly miss being caught away, but I could not hear whether any of these had ever been so unfortunate, that had been before very hearty in the straight paths.

‘I considered all these strange sights with great attention, till at last I was interrupted by a cluster of the travellers in the crooked paths, who came up to me, bid me go along with them, and presently fell to singing and dancing: they took

me by the hand, and so carried me away along with them. After I had followed them a considerable while, I perceived I had lost the black tower of light, at which I greatly wondered; but as I looked and gazed round about me, and saw nothing, I begun to fancy my first vision had been but a dream, and there was no such thing in reality: but then I considered that if I could fancy to see what was not, I might as well have an illusion wrought on me at present, and not see what was really before me. I was very much confirmed in this thought by the effect I then just observed the water of *Worldly-Wisdom* had upon me; for as I had drunk a little of it again, I felt a very sensible effect in my head; methought it distracted and disordered all there; this made me stop of a sudden, suspecting some charm or enchantment. As I was casting about within myself what I should do; and whom to apply to in this case, I spied at some distance off me a man beckoning and making signs to me to come over to him. I cried to him, *I did not know the way*. He then called to me audibly, to step at least out of the path I was in; for if I staid there any longer, I was in danger to be caught in a great net that was just hanging over me, and ready to catch me up, that he wondered I was so blind, or so distracted, as not to see so imminent and visible a danger; assuring me, that as soon as I was out of that way, he would come to me to lead me into a more secure path. This I did; and he brought me his palm full of the water of *Heavenly-Wisdom*, which was of very great use to me, for my eyes were straight cleared, and I saw the great black tower just before me; but the great net which I

spied so near me, cast me in such a terror, that I ran back as far I could in one breath, without looking behind me. Then my benefactor thus bespoke me; 'You have made the wonderfullest escape in the world, the water you used to drink is of a bewitching nature, you would else have been mightily shocked at the deformities and meanness of the place; for beside the set of blind fools, in whose company you was, you may now behold many others who are only bewitched after another no less dangerous manner. Look a little that way; there goes a crowd of passengers; they have indeed so good a head as not to suffer themselves to be blinded by this bewitching water; the black tower is not vanished out of their sight; they see it whenever they look up to it: but see how they go sideways, and with their eyes downwards, as if they were mad, that they may thus rush into the net, without being beforehand troubled at the thought of so miserable a destruction. Their wills are so perverse and their hearts so fond of the pleasures of the place, that rather than forego them, they will run all hazards, and venture upon all the miseries and woes before them.

'See there that other company, though they should drink none of the bewitching water, yet they take a course bewitching and deluding, see how they choose the crookedest paths, whereby they have often the black tower behind them, and sometimes see the radiant column sideways, which gives them some weak glimpse of it. These fools content themselves with that, not knowing whether any other have any more of its influence and light than themselves; this road is called that

of *superstition*, or *human invention*; they grossly overlook that which the rules and laws of the place prescribe to them, and contrive some other scheme and set of directions and prescriptions for themselves, which they hope will serve their turn. He showed me many other kind of fools, which put me quite out of humour with the place. At last he carried me to the right paths, where I found true and solid pleasure, which entertained me all the way, till we came in closer sight of the pillar, where the satisfaction increased to that measure that my faculties were not able to contain it; in the straining of them I was violently waked, not a little grieved at the vanishing of so pleasing a dream.

Glasgow, Sept. 29.

No. 525. SATURDAY, NOV. 1. *By Hughes.*

‘Ο δ’ εἰς τὸ σωφρονεῖν ἐπ’ ἀρετὴν τ’ ἀγωνεῖται,
 Ζηλωτὸς ἀνθρώποισιν. EURIP.

That love alone, which virtue's laws control,
 Deserves reception in the human soul.

It is my custom to take frequent opportunities of inquiring, from time to time, what success my speculations meet with in the town. I am glad to find in particular, that my discourses on marriage have been well received. A friend of mine gives me to understand, from Doctors Commons, that more licences have been taken out there of late than usual. I am likewise informed of several pretty fellows, who have resolved to commence

heads of families by the first favourable opportunity: one of them writes me word, that he is ready to enter into the bonds of matrimony, provided I will give it him under my hand (as I now do) that a man may show his face in good company after he is married, and that he need not be ashamed to treat a woman with kindness, who puts herself into his power for life.

I have other letters on this subject, which say that I am attempting to make a revolution in the world of gallantry, and that the consequence of it will be, that a great deal of the sprightliest wit and satire of the last age will be lost: that a bashful fellow, upon changing his condition, will be no longer puzzled how to stand the raillery of his facetious companions; that he need not own he married only to plunder an heiress of her fortune, nor pretend that he uses her ill, to avoid the ridiculous name of a fond husband.

Indeed, if I may speak my opinion of great part of the writings which once prevailed among us, under the notion of humour, they are such as would tempt one to think there had been an association among the wits of those times to rally legitimacy out of our island. A state of wedlock was the common mark of all the adventures in a farce and comedy, as well as the essayers in lampoon and satire, to shoot at, and nothing was a more standing jest in all clubs of fashionable mirth and gay conversation. It was determined among those airy critics, that the appellation of a *sober man* should signify a *spiritless fellow*. And I am apt to think it was about the same time that *good-nature*, a word so peculiarly elegant in our language that

some have affirmed it can not well be expressed in any other, came first to be rendered suspicious and in danger of being transferred from its original sense to so distant an idea as that of *folly*.

I must confess it has been my ambition, in the course of my writings, to restore, as well as I was able, the proper ideas of things. And as I have attempted this already on the subject of marriage in several papers, I shall here add some further observations which occur to me on the same head.

Nothing seems to be thought by our fine gentlemen, so indispensable an ornament in fashionable life, as love. 'A knight-errant,' says Don Quixote, 'without a mistress, is like a tree without leaves;' and a man of mode among us, who has not some fair one to sigh for, might as well pretend to appear dressed without his periwig. We have lovers in prose innumerable. All our pretenders to rhyme are professed innamoratos; and there is scarce a poet, good or bad, to be heard of, who has not some real or supposed Sacharissa to improve his vein.

If love be any refinement, *conjugal love* must be certainly so in a much higher degree. There is no comparison between the frivolous affectation of attracting the eyes of women with whom you are only captivated by way of amusement, and of whom perhaps you know nothing more than their features, and a regular and uniform endeavour to make yourself valuable, both as a friend and a lover, to one whom you have chosen to be the companion of your life. The first is the spring of a thousand fopperies, silly artifices, false-

hoods, and perhaps barbarities; or at best rises no higher than to a kind of dancing-school breeding, to give the person a more sparkling air. The latter is the parent of substantial virtues and agreeable qualities, and cultivates the mind while it improves the behaviour. The passion of love to a mistress, even where it is most sincere, resembles too much the flame of a fever; that to a wife is like the vital heat.

I have often thought, if the letters written by men of good-nature to their wives were to be compared with those written by men of gallantry to their mistresses, the former, notwithstanding any inequality of style, would appear to have the advantage. Friendship, tenderness, and constancy, drest in a simplicity of expression, recommend themselves by a more native elegance than passionate raptures, extravagant encomiums, and slavish adoration. If we were admitted to search the cabinet of the beautiful Narcissa, among heaps of epistles from several admirers, which are there preserved with equal care, how few should we find but would make any one sick in the reading, except her who is flattered by them? But in how different a style must the wise Benevolus, who converses with that good-sense and good-humour among all his friends, write to a wife who is the worthy object of his utmost affection? Benevolus, both in public and private, on all occasions of life, appears to have every good quality and desirable ornament. Abroad, he is revered and esteemed; at home, beloved and happy. The satisfaction he enjoys there, settles into an habitual complacency, which shines in his countenance, enlivens his wit,

and seasons his conversation: even those of his acquaintance who have never seen him in his retirement, are sharers in the happiness of it: and it is very much owing to his being the best and best beloved of husbands, that he is the most steadfast of friends, and the most agreeable of companions.

There is a sensible pleasure in contemplating such beautiful instances of domestic life. The happiness of the conjugal state appears heightened to the highest degree it is capable of, when we see two persons of accomplished minds not only united in the same interests and affections, but in their taste of the same improvements, pleasures, and diversions. Pliny, one of the finest gentlemen and politest writers of the age in which he lived, has left us, in his letter to Hispulla, his wife's aunt, one of the most agreeable family-pieces of this kind I ever met with. I shall end this discourse with a translation of it; and I believe the reader will be of my opinion, that *conjugal love* is drawn in it with a delicacy which makes it appear to be as I have represented it, an ornament as well as a virtue.

PLINY TO HISPULLA.

‘As I remember the great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, so as not only to express the tenderness of the best of aunts, but even to supply that of the best of fathers; I am sure it will be a pleasure to you to hear that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your and her ancestors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality extraordinary. She loves me,

the surest pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You'd smile to see the concern she is in when I have a cause to plead, and the joy she shows when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought her of the success I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, she can not refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear, where, with the utmost delight, she feasts upon my applause. Sometimes she sings my verses, and accompanies them with the lute, without any master, except love, the best of instructors. From these instances I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness; since her affection is not founded on my youth and person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected from one who had the happiness to receive her education from you, who, in your house was accustomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your recommendation. For, as you had always the greatest respect for my mother, you were pleased from my infancy to form me, to commend me, and kindly to presage I should be one day what my wife fancies I am. Accept therefore our united thanks; mine, that you have bestowed her on me; and her's that you have given me to her as a mutual grant of joy and felicity.'

No. 526. MONDAY, NOV. 3. *By Steele.*

——— *Fortius utere loris.*

OVID. Met. l. 2. v. 127.

Keep a stiff rein.

ADDISON.

I AM very loth to come to extremities with the young gentlemen mentioned in the following letter, and do not care to chastise them with my own hand, till I am forced by provocations too great to be suffered without the absolute destruction of my Spectatorial dignity. The crimes of these offenders are placed under the observation of one of my chief officers; who is posted just at the entrance of the pass between London and Westminster. As I have great confidence in the capacity, resolution, and integrity of the person deputed by me to give an account of enormities, I doubt not but I shall soon have before me all proper notices, which are requisite for the amendment of manners in public, and the instruction of each individual of the human species in what is due from him in respect to the whole body of mankind. The present paper shall consist only of the abovementioned letter, and the copy of a deputation which I have given to my trusty friend Mr. John Sly; wherein he is charged to notify to me all that is necessary for my animadversion upon the delinquents mentioned by my correspondent, as well as all others described in the said deputation.

TO THE SPECTATOR-GENERAL OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

‘I grant it does look a little familiar, but I must call you

‘ DEAR DUMB,

‘ BEING got again to the farther end of the widow’s coffee-house, I shall from hence give you some account of the behaviour of our hackney-coachmen since my last. These indefatigable gentlemen, without the least design, I dare say, or self interest, or advantage to themselves, do still ply as volunteers day and night for the good of their country. I will not trouble you with enumerating many particulars, but I must by no means omit to inform you of an infant about six feet high, and between twenty and thirty years of age, who was seen in the arms of a hackney-coachman driving by Will’s coffee-house, in Covent-Garden, between the hours of four and five in the afternoon of that very day wherein you published a memorial against them. This impudent young cur, though he could not sit in a coach-box without holding, yet would he venture his neck to bid defiance to your Spectatorial authority or to any thing that you countenanced. Who he was I know not, but I heard this relation this morning from a gentleman who was an eye-witness of this his impudence; and I was willing to take the first opportunity to inform you of him, as holding it extremely requisite that you should nip him in the bud. But I am myself most concerned for my fellow-templars, fellow-students, and fellow-labourers in the law, I mean such of them as are dignified and distinguished under the denomination of hackney-coachmen. Such aspiring minds have these ambitious young men, that they can not enjoy themselves out of a coach-box. It is, however, an unspeakable comfort to me, that I can

now tell you, that some of them are grown so bashful as to study only in the night-time, or in the country. The other night I spied one of our young gentlemen very diligent at his lucubrations in Fleet-Street, and by the way, I should be under some concern lest this hard student should one time or other crack his brain with studying, but that I am in hopes nature has taken care to fortify him in proportion to the great undertakings he was designed for. Another of my fellow-templars, on Thursday last, was getting up into his study at the bottom of Gray's-Inn-lane, in order, I suppose, to contemplate in the fresh air. Now sir, my request is, that the great modesty of these two gentlemen may be recorded as a pattern to the rest; and if you would but give them two or three touches with your own pen, though you might not perhaps prevail with them to desist entirely from their meditations, yet I doubt not but you would at least preserve them from being public spectacles of folly in our streets. I say, two or three touches with your own pen, for I have really observed, Mr. Spec, that those spectators which are so prettily laced down the sides with little c's, how instructive soever they may be, do not carry with them that authority as the others. I do again therefore desire, that, for the sake of their dear necks, you would bestow one penful of your own ink upon them. I know you are loth to expose them, and it is, I must confess, a thousand pities that any young gentleman, who is come of honest parents, should be brought to public shame: and indeed I should be glad to have them handled a little tenderly at the first: for if fair means will not prevail, there is then no other way to

reclaim them, but making use of some wholesome severities; and I think it better that a dozen or two of such good-for-nothing fellows should be made examples of, than that the reputation of some hundreds of as hopeful young gentlemen as myself should suffer through their folly. It is not, however, for me to direct you what to do; but in short, if our coachmen will drive on this trade, the very first of them that I do find meditating in the street, I shall make bold to take the number of his chambers, together with a note of his name, and despatch them to you, that you may chastise him at your own discretion.

I am, dear Spec, for ever your's,

‘MOSES GREENBAG,

‘Esq. if you please.

‘P. S. Tom Hammercloth, one of our coachmen, is now pleading at the bar at the other end of the room, but has a little too much vehemence, and throws out his arms too much to take his audience with a good grace.’

To my loving and well-beloved John Sly, haberdasher of hats, and tobacconist, between the cities of London and Westminster (a).

‘WHEREAS frequent disorders, affronts, indignities, omissions, and trespasses, for which there are no remedies by any form of law, but which apparently disturb and disquiet the minds of men, happen near the place of your residence; and that you are, as well by your commodious situation, as the good parts with which you are endowed, properly qualified for the observation of the said offences: I do hereby authorize and depute you, from the hour of nine in the morning

till four in the afternoon, to keep a strict eye upon all persons and things that are conveyed in coaches, carried in carts, or walk on foot, from the city of London to the city of Westminster; or from the city of Westminster to the city of London, within the said hours. You are therefore not to depart from your observatory at the end of Devereaux court during the said space of each day, but to observe the behaviour of all persons who are suddenly transported from stamping on pebbles to sit at ease in chariots, what notice they take of their foot acquaintance, and send me the speediest advice, when they are guilty of overlooking, turning from, or appearing grave and distant to their old friends. When man and wife are in the same coach, you are to see whether they appear pleased or tired with each other, and whether they carry the due mean in the eye of the world between fondness and coldness. You are carefully to behold all such as shall have addition of honour or riches, and report whether they preserve the countenance they had before such addition. As to persons on foot you are to be attentive whether they are pleased with their condition, and are dressed suitable to it; but especially to distinguish such as appear discreet by a low-heel'd shoe, with the decent ornament of a leather garter; to write down the names of such country gentlemen as, upon the approach of peace, have left the hunting for the military cock of the hat; of all who strut, make a noise, and swear at the drivers of coaches to make haste, when they see it impossible they should pass; of all young gentlemen in coach-boxes, who labour at a perfection in what they are sure

to be excelled by the meanest of the people. You are to do all that in you lies that coaches and passengers give way according to the course of business, all the morning in term-time towards Westminster, the rest of the year towards the Exchange. Upon these directions, together with other secret articles herein enclosed, you are to govern yourself, and give advertisement thereof to me at all convenient and Spectatorial hours, when men of business are to be seen. Hereof your are not to fail. Given under my seal of office.

T.

THE SPECTATOR.

No. 527. TUESDAY, NOV. 4. *Author unknown.*

*Facile invenies et pejorem, et pejus moratam:
Meliozem neque tu reperies, neque sol videt.*

PLAUTUS in STICHO.

You will easily find a worse woman; a better the sun never shone upon.

I AM so tender of my women readers, that I can not defer the publication of any thing which concerns their happiness or quiet. The repose of a married woman is consulted in the first of the following letters, and the felicity of a maiden lady in the second. I call it a felicity to have the addresses of an agreeable man; and I think I have not any where seen a prettier application of a poetical story than that of his, in making the tale of Cephalus and Procris the history-picture of a fan

in so gallant a manner as he addresses it. But see the letters.

‘ MR. SPECTATOR,

‘ It is now almost three months since I was in town about some business, and the hurry of it being over, took coach one afternoon, and drove to see a relation, who married about six years ago, a wealthy citizen. I found her at home, but her husband gone to the Exchange, and expected back within an hour at the farthest. After the usual salutations of kindness, and an hundred questions about friends in the country, we sat down to piquet, played two or three games, and drank tea. I should have told you that this was my second time of seeing her since marriage: but before she lived at the same town where I went to school; so that the plea of a relation, added to the innocence of my youth, prevailed upon her good-humour to indulge me in a freedom of conversation as often, and oftener than the strict discipline of the school would allow of. You may easily imagine after such an acquaintance we might be exceeding merry without any offence, as in calling to mind how many inventions I had had been put to in deluding the master, how many hands forged for excuses, how many times been sick in perfect health; for I was never then sick but at school, and only then because out of her company. We had whiled away three hours after this manner, when I found it past five: and not expecting her husband would return till late, rose up, told her I should go early next morning for the country: she kindly answered she was afraid it would be long before she saw me

again; so I took my leave and parted. Now, sir, I had not been got home a fortnight, when I received a letter from a neighbour of theirs, that ever since that fatal afternoon the lady had been most inhumanly treated, and the husband publicly stormed that he was made a member of too numerous a society. He had, it seems, listened most of the time my cousin and I were together. As jealous ears always hear double, so he heard enough to make him mad; and as jealous eyes always see through magnifying glasses, so he was certain it could not be I whom he had, seen a beardless stripling, but fancied he saw a gay gentleman of the Temple, ten years older than myself; and for that reason, I presume, durst not come in, nor take any notice when I went out. He is perpetually asking his wife if she does not think the time long (as she said she should) till she see her cousin again. Pray, sir, what can be done in this case? I have writ to him to assure him I was at his house all that afternoon expecting to see him: his answer is, 'tis only a trick of her's and that he neither can nor will believe me. The parting kiss I find mightily nettles him, and confirms him in all his errors. Ben Johnson, as I remember, makes a foreigner in one of his comedies *admire the desperate valour of the bold English, who let out their wives to all encounters*. The general custom of salutation should excuse the favour done me, or you should lay down rules when such distinctions are to be given or omitted. You can not imagine, sir, how troubled I am for this unhappy lady's misfortune, and I beg you would insert this letter, that the husband may reflect upon this accident coolly. It is no small matter, the ease of a virtuous wo-

man for her whole life: I know she will conform to any regularities (though more strict than the common rules of our country require) to which his particular temper shall incline him to oblige her. This accident puts me in mind how generously Pisistratus the Athenian tyrant behaved himself on a like occasion, when he was instigated by his wife to put to death a young gentleman, because, being passionately fond of his daughter, he kissed her in public as he met her in the street: *What, says he, shall we do to those who are our enemies, if we do thus to those who are our friends?* I will not trouble you much longer, but am exceedingly concerned lest this accident may cause a virtuous lady to lead a miserable life with a husband, who has no grounds for his jealousy but what I have faithfully related, and ought to be reckoned none. 'Tis to be feared too, if at last he sees his mistake, yet people will be as slow and unwilling in disbelieving scandal, as they are quick and forward in believing it. I shall endeavour to enliven this plain and honest letter with Ovid's relation about Cybele's image. The ship wherein it was aboard was stranded at the mouth of the Tyber, and the men were unable to move it, till Claudia, a virgin, but suspected of unchastity, by a slight pull hauled it in. The story is told in the fourth book of the Fasti.

' Parent of gods, began the weeping fair,
' Reward or punish, but oh! hear my prayer.
' If lewdness e'er defil'd my virgin bloom,
' From heav'n with justice I receive my doom;
' But if my honour yet has known no stain,
' Thou, goddess, thou my innocence maintain:

‘Thou, whom the nicest rules of goodness sway’d,
‘Vouchsafe to follow an unblemished maid.
‘She spoke, and touch’d the cord with glad surprise,
‘(The truth was witness’d by ten thousand eyes,
‘The pitying goddess easily comply’d,
‘Follow’d in triumph, and adorn’d her guide;
‘While Claudia, blushing still for past disgrace,
‘March’d silent on with a slow solemn pace:
‘Nor yet from some was all distrust remov’d,
‘Tho’ heav’n such virtue by such wonders prov’d.’

‘I am, sir, your very humble servant,
‘PHILAGNOTES.’

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘You will oblige a languishing lover if you will please to print the enclosed verses in your next paper. If you remember the metamorphosis, you know Procris, the fond wife of Cephalus, is said to have made her husband, who delighted in the sports of the wood, a present of an unerring javelin. In process of time he was so much in the forest, that his lady suspected he was pursuing some nymph under the pretence of following a chase more innocent. Under this suspicion, she hid herself among the trees to observe his motions. While she lay concealed, her husband, tired with the labour of hunting, came within her hearing. As he was fainting with heat, he cried out, *Aura veni!* Oh charming air approach!

‘The unfortunate wife, taking the word *air* to be the name of a woman, began to move among the bushes; and the husband believing it a deer, threw his javelin and killed her. This history, painted on a fan, which I presented to a lady, gave occasion to my growing poetical.

'Come, gentle air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
 'While Procris panted in the secret shade;
 'Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
 'While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
 'Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
 'Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play.
 'In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
 'Nor did that fabled dart more surely wound.
 'Both gifts destructive to the giver prove,
 'Alike both lovers fall by those they love!
 'Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
 'At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives.
 'She views the story with attentive eyes,
 'And pities Procris, while her lover dies.' (a)

No. 528. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 5. *By Steele.*

Dum potuit, solita gemitum virtute repressit.

OVID. Met. l. 9. v. 165.

With wonted fortitude she bore the smart.
 And not a groan confess'd her burning heart. GAY.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

I WHO now write to you am a woman loaded with injuries, and the aggravation of my misfortune is, that they are such which are overlooked by the generality of mankind, and though the most afflicting imaginable, not regarded as such in the general sense of the world. I have hid my vexation from all mankind; but have now taken pen, ink and paper, and am resolved to unbosom myself to you, and lay before you what grieves me and all the sex. You have very often mentioned particular hardships done to this or that lady; but methinks you have not in any one speculation directly pointed at the partial freedom men take, the unreasonable confinement women are obliged to, in the only

circumstance in which we are necessarily to have a commerce with them, that of love. The case of celibacy is the great evil of our nation; and the indulgence of the vicious conduct of men in that state, with the ridicule to which women are exposed, though ever so virtuous, if long unmarried, is the root of the greatest irregularities of this nation. To show you, sir, that though you never have given us the catalogue of a lady's library, as you promised, we read good books of our own choosing, I shall insert on this occasion a paragraph or two out of Echard's Roman history. In the 44th page of the second volume the author observes, that Augustus, upon his return to Rome at the end of the war, received complaints that too great a number of the young men of quality were unmarried. The emperor thereupon assembled the whole Equestrian order; and having separated the married from the single, did particular honours to the former, but he told the latter, that is to say, Mr. Spectator, he told the bachelors, 'That their lives and actions had been so peculiar, that he knew not by what name to call them; not by that of men, for they performed nothing that was manly; not by that of citizens, for the city might perish notwithstanding their care; nor by that of Romans, for they designed to extirpate the Roman name.' Then proceeding to show his tender care and hearty affection for his people, he further told them, 'That their course of life was of such pernicious consequence to the glory and grandeur of the Roman nation, that he could not choose but tell them, that all other crimes put together could not equalize theirs; for they were guilty of mur-

der in not suffering those to be born which should proceed from them; of impiety, in causing the names and honours of their ancestors to cease; and of sacrilege, in destroying their kind, which proceed from the immortal gods; and human nature, the principal thing consecrated to them: therefore in this respect they dissolved the government, in disobeying its laws; betrayed their country, by making it barren and waste; nay, and demolished their city, in depriving it of inhabitants. And he was sensible that all this proceeded, not from any kind of virtue or abstinence, but from a looseness and wantonness, which ought never to be encouraged in any civil government.' There are no particulars dwelt upon that let us into the conduct of these young worthies, whom this great emperor treated with so much justice and indignation; but any one who observes what passes in this town, may very well frame to himself a notion of their riots and debaucheries all night, and their apparent preparations for them all day. It is not to be doubted but these Romans never passed any of their time innocently but when they were asleep, and never slept but when they were weary and heavy with excesses, and slept only to prepare themselves for the repetition of them. If you did your duty as a Spectator, you would carefully examine into the number of births, marriages, and burials: and when you had deducted out of your deaths all such as went out of the world without marrying, then cast up the number of both sexes born within such a term of years, last past, you might, from the single people departed, make some useful inferences or guesses how many there are left unmarried, and raise

some useful scheme for the amendment of the age in that particular. I have not patience to proceed gravely on this abominable libertinism; for I can not but reflect, as I am writing to you, upon a certain lascivious manner which all our young gentlemen use in public, and examine our eyes with a petulancy in their own, which is a downright affront to modesty. A disdainful look on such an occasion is returned with a countenance rebuked, but by averting their eyes from the woman of honour and decency to some flip-pant creature, who will, as the phrase is, be kinder. I must set down things as they come into my head, without standing upon order. Ten thousand to one but the gay gentleman who stared, at the same time is a house-keeper; for you must know they have got into an humour of late of being very regular in their sins; and a young fellow shall keep his four maids and three footmen with the greatest gravity imaginable. There are no less than six of these venerable house-keepers of my acquaintance. This humour among young men of condition is imitated by all the world below them, and a general dissoluteness of manners arises from this one source of libertinism, without shame or reprehension in the male youth. It is from this one fountain that so many beautiful, helpless, young women, are sacrificed and given up to lewdness, shame, poverty, and disease. It is to this also that so many excellent young women, who might be patterns of conjugal affection, and parents of a worthy race, pine under unhappy passions for such as have not attention enough to observe, or virtue enough to prefer them to their common wenches. Now, Mr. Spectator, I

must be free to own to you that I myself suffer a tasteless insipid being, from a consideration I have for a man who would not, as he has said in my hearing, resign his liberty as he calls it, for all the beauty and wealth the whole sex is possessed of. Such calamities as these would not happen, if it could possibly be brought about, that by finding bachelors as papists convict, or the like, they were distinguished to their disadvantage from the rest of the world who fall in with the measures of civil societies. Lest you should think I speak this as being, according to the senseless rude phrase, a malicious old maid, I shall acquaint you, I am a woman of condition, not now three-and-twenty, and have had proposals from at least ten different men, and the greater number of them have, upon the upshot, refused me. Something or other is always amiss when the lover takes to some new wench: a settlement is easily excepted against; and there is very little recourse to avoid the vicious part of our youth, but throwing one's self away upon some lifeless blockhead, who, though he is without vice, is also without virtue. Now-a-days we must be contented if we can get creatures which are not bad, good are not to be expected. Mr. Spectator, I sat near you the other day, and think I did not displease your Spectatorial eye-sight; which I shall be a better judge of when I see whether you take notice of these evils your own way, or print this memorial dictated from the disdainful heavy heart of, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

RACHEL WELLADAY.

T.

No. 529. THURSDAY, NOV. 6. *By Addison.*

Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter. HOR.

Let every thing have its due place. ROSCOMMON.

UPON the hearing of several late disputes concerning rank and precedence, I could not forbear amusing myself with some observations which I have made upon the learned world, as to this great particular. By the learned world I here mean, at large, all those who are any way concerned in works of literature, whether in the writing, printing, or repeating part. To begin with the writers; I have observed that the author of a folio, in all companies and conversations, sets himself above the author of a quarto: the author of a quarto, above the author of an octavo; and so on, by a gradual descent and subordination to an author in twenty-fours. This distinction is so well observed, that in an assembly of the learned, I have seen a folio writer place himself in an elbow-chair, when the author of a duodecimo has, out of a just deference to his superior quality, seated himself upon a squab. In a word, authors are usually ranged in company after the same manner as their works are upon a shelf.

The most minute pocket author hath beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only stitched. As for the pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the authors of single sheets, and of that fraternity who publish their labours on certain days, or on every day of the week. I do not find that the precedence among

the individuals, in this latter class of writers, is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I never presumed to take place of a pamphleteer, till my daily papers were gathered into those two first volumes which have already appeared. After which, I naturally jumped over the heads, not only of all pamphleteers, but of every octavo writer in Great Britain that had written but one book. I am also informed by my bookseller, that six octavos have at all times been looked upon as an equivalent to a folio, which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the learned world surprised if, after the publication of half a dozen volumes, I take my place accordingly. When my scattered forces are thus rallied and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter myself that I shall make no despicable figure at the head of them.

Whether these rules, which have been received, time out of mind, in the commonwealth of letters, were not originally established with an eye to our paper manufacture, I shall leave to the discussion of others; and shall only remark further in this place, that all printers and booksellers take the wall of one another according to the abovementioned merits of the authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of precedence which is settled among the three learned professions, by the wisdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every doctor in each of these professions, who are all of them, though not so high as knights, yet a degree

above 'squires; this last order of men being the illiterate body of the nation, are consequently thrown together into a class below the three learned professions. (a) I mention this for the sake of several rural 'squires, whose reading does not rise so high as to *the Present State of England*, and who are often apt to usurp that precedency which by the laws of their country is not due to them. Their want of learning, which has planted them in this station, may in some measure extenuate their misdemeanor; and our professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, considering that they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their right hand from their left.

There is another tribe of persons who are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themselves upon all occasions by several laws peculiar to their body; I mean the players or actors of both sexes. Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted principle, that a tragedian always takes place of a comedian; and it is very well known the merry drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment give way to the dignity of the buskin. It is a stage maxim, *Once a king, and always a king*. For this reason it would be thought very absurd in Mr. Bullock, notwithstanding the height and gracefulness of his person, to sit at the right hand of a hero, though he were but five feet high. The same distinction is observed among the ladies of the theatre. Queens and heroines preserve their rank in private conversations, while those who are waiting-women and maids of honour upon

the stage, keep their distance also behind the scenes.

I shall only add, that, by a parity of reason, all writers of tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted, before comic writers; those who deal in tragi-comedy usually taking their seats between the authors of either side. There has been a long dispute for precedence between the tragic and heroic poets. Aristotle would have the latter yield the *pas* to the former; but Mr. Dryden and many others would never submit to this decision. Burlesque writers pay the same deference to the heroic as comic writers to their serious brothers in the drama.

By this short table of laws, order is kept up, and distinction preserved in the whole republic of letters. O.

No. 530. FRIDAY, NOV. 7. By Addison.

*Sic visum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.*

HOR. Od. 33. l. 1. v. 10.

Thus Venus sports; the rich, the base,
Unlike in fortune, and in face,
To disagreeing love provokes;
When cruelty jocose,
She ties the fatal noose,

And binds unequals to the brazen yokes. CREECH.

It is very usual for those who have been severe upon marriage, in some parts or other of their lives, to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their raillery return upon their own heads. I scarce ever knew a

woman-hater that did not sooner or later pay for it. Marriage, which is a blessing to another man, falls upon such a one as a judgment. Mr. Congreve's *Old Bachelor* is set forth to us with much wit and humour as an example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the sex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by choosing one of the most worthless persons of it for a companion and yoke-fellow. Hymen takes his revenge in kind on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend, Will Honeycomb, who was so unmercifully witty upon the women in a couple of letters which I lately communicated to the public, has given the ladies ample satisfaction, by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our club by the last post. The Templar is very positive that he has married a dairy-maid; but Will, in his letter to me on this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the letter I found that Will was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed *Dear Spec*, which was his usual salute at the beginning of the letter, into *My worthy Friend*, and subscribed himself in the latter end of it at full length, William Honeycomb. In short the gay, the loud, the vain, Will Honeycomb, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boasted of favours from ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country-girl.

His letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant phrases which have made my friend Will often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself

‘MY WORTHY FRIEND,

‘I question not but you, and the rest of acquaintance, wonder that I, who have lived the smoke and gallantries of the town for thirty years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country life. Had not my dog of a steward run away as he did, without making up his accounts, I had still been immersed in sin and sea-coal. But since my late forced visit to my estate, I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my acres, and can scarce forbear filling my letter with breezes, shades, flowers, meadows, and purling streams. The simplicity of manners which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an instance of it, I must acquaint you, and by your means the whole club, that I have lately married one of my tenant’s daughters. She is born of honest parents, and though she has no portion, she has a great deal of virtue. The natural sweetness and innocence of her behaviour, the freshness of her complexion, the unaffected turn of her shape and person, shot me through and through every time I saw her, and did more execution upon me in grogram than the greatest beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade. In short, she is such a

one as promises me a good heir to my estate; and if by her means I can not leave to my children what are falsely called the gifts of birth, high titles, and alliances, I hope to convey to them the more real and valuable gifts of birth, strong bodies, and healthy constitutions. As for your fine women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had my share in their graces; but no more of that. It shall be my business hereafter to live the life of an honest man, and to act as becomes the master of a family. I question not but I shall draw upon me the raillery of the town, and be treated to the tune of *The marriage-hater match'd*; but I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I saw such a tribe of fashionable young fluttering coxcombs shut up, that I did not think my post of a *homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I felt a certain stiffness in my limbs, which entirely destroyed that jauntiness of air I was once master of. Besides, for I may now confess my age to thee, I have been eight-and-forty above these twelve years. Since my retirement into the country will make a vacancy in the club, I could wish you would fill up my place with my friend Tom Dapperwit. He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the town. For my own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter suitable to a man in my station, as a prudent head of a family, a good husband, a careful father (when it shall so happen), and as your most sincere friend, and humble servant,

O.

'WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.'

VOL. X.

A 2

No. 531. SATURDAY, NOV. 8. *By Addison.*

*Qui mare et terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis:
Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.*

HOR.

Who guides below, and rules above,
The great Disposer and the mighty King:
Than he none greater; next him none,
That can be, is, or was;
Supreme he singly fills the throne.

CREECH.

SIMONIDES being asked by Dionysius the tyrant, what God was, desired a day's time to consider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired, he desired two days and afterwards, instead of returning his answer, demanded still double the time to consider it. This great poet and philosopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his depth; and that he lost himself in the thought, instead of finding an end of it.

If we consider the idea which wise men, by the light of reason, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this: that he has in him all the perfection of a spiritual nature; and since we have no notion of any kind of spiritual perfection but what we discover in our own souls, we join infinitude to each kind of these perfections; and what is a faculty in a human soul, becomes an attribute in God. *We* exist in place and time; the Divine Being fills the immensity of space with his presence, and inhabits eternity. *We* are possessed of a little power and a little knowledge,

the Divine Being is almighty and omniscient. In short, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of perfections in one being, we form our idea of the great Sovereign of nature.

Though every one who thinks must have made this observation, I shall produce Mr. Locke's authority to the same purpose, out of his Essay on Human Understanding. 'If we examine the *idea* we have of the incomprehensible Supreme Being, we shall find that we come by it the same way, and that the complex *ideas* we have both of God and separate spirits are made up of the simple *ideas* we receive from *reflection: v. g.* having, from what we experiment in ourselves, got the *ideas* of existence and duration, of knowledge and power, of pleasure and happiness, and of several other qualities and powers which it is better to have than to be without; when we would frame an *idea* the most suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we enlarge every one of these with our *idea* of infinity; and so putting them together, make our complex *idea of God.*'

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of spiritual perfection besides those which are lodged in a human soul; but it is impossible that we should have the ideas of any kinds of perfection except those of which we have some small rays and short imperfect strokes in ourselves. It would be therefore a very high presumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more attributes than those which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of spiritual perfection which

is not marked out in a human soul, it belongs in its fulness to the Divine nature.

Several eminent philosophers have imagined that the soul, in her separate state, may have new faculties springing up in her which she is not capable of exerting during her present union with the body; and whether these faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the Divine nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of nature, has in him all possible perfection, as well in *kind* as in *degree*; to speak according to our methods of conceiving, I shall only add under this head, that when we have raised our notion of this infinite Being as high as it is possible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what he really is. *There is no end of his greatness*; the most exalted creature he has made is only capable of adoring it; none but himself can comprehend it.

The advice of the son of Sirach is very just and sublime in this light. ‘By his word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore in sum, he is all. How shall we be able to magnify him? For he is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can: for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary: for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? And who can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid

greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his works.'

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the light of reason and philosophy. If we would see him in all the wonders of his mercy, we must have recourse to revelation, which represents him to us not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and just in his dispensations towards man. But as this is a theory which falls under every one's consideration, though indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our minds with the thought of him, and annihilate ourselves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthlessness and of his transcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant prayer, and reasonable humiliation of the soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little seeds of pride, vanity and self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the minds of such whose thoughts run more on those comparative advantages which they enjoy over some of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite distance which is placed between them and the Supreme Model of all perfection. It would likewise quicken our desires and endeavours of uniting ourselves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the Supreme Being would in a particular manner banish from

among us that prevailing impiety of using his name on the most trivial occasions.

I find the following passage in an excellent sermon, preached at the funeral of a gentleman who was an honour to his country, (*a*) and a more diligent as well as successful inquirer into the works of nature than any other our nation has ever produced. 'He had the profoundest veneration for the great God of heaven and earth that I have ever observed in any person. The very name of God was never mentioned by him without a pause and a visible stop in his discourse; in which, one that knew him most particularly above twenty years, has told me that he was so exact, that he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it.'

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the Jews to a name so great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a name in the ordinary expressions of their anger, mirth, and most impertinent passions? Of those who admit it into the most familiar questions, and assertions, ludicrous phrases, and works of humour: not to mention those who violate it by solemn perjuries? It would be an affront to reason to endeavour to set forth the horror and profaneness of such a practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the light of nature, not to say religion, is not utterly extinguished.

END OF VOL. X.

APPENDIX.

NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

No. 478.

(a) Osborn's advice to his son. (b) The Sphinx.

No. 488.

(a) Dr. Thomas Walker, head master of the Charter school, whose scholars Addison and Steele had been.

No. 494.

(a) Dr. Thomas Goodwin, one of the assembly of divines who sat at Westminster. He attended Cromwell, his friend and patron, on his death-bed; and continued in the hope that the protector was not to die till he had ocular proof that he was mistaken.

No. 502.

(a) 'I knew (says Mr. Fletcher) a very wise man who believed, that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.'

(b) P. S. to Spectator, in folio.—There are in the play of the Self-Tormentor, of Terence, several incidents which would draw tears from a man of sense, and not one which would move his laughter.

No. 505.

(a) This censure of Cicero seems to be unfounded, for it is said, that he wondered one Augur could meet another without laughing in his face.

No. 506.

(a) The Funeral, or Grief-a-la-Mode, by Steele.

No. 512.

(a) A Satire, by Dryden, against the Monmouth faction.

No. 517.

(a) 'Mr. Addison was so fond of this character, that a little before he laid down the Spectator, (foreseeing that some nimble gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it,) he said to an intimate friend, with a certain *warmth* in his expression, which he was not often guilty of, "By G—, I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him." Accordingly the whole Spectator, No. 517, consists of nothing else but an account of the old knight's death, and some moving circumstances which attended it.

No. 521.

(a) By St. 7. ch. 17. of Anne, all wagers laid upon a contingency relating to the war with France were declared to be void.

No. 523.

(a) By Mr. Thomas Tickell—See No. 620.

No. 524.

(a) This paper has been ascribed to professor S of Glasgow—others say it was the joint production of professor Dunlop and a Mr. Montgomery, a merchant, that city.

No. 526.

(a) 'The Bishop Hoadly was once invited, and was sent, when Bishop of Bangor, at one of the Whigs, at the Trumpet in Sheer-lane, where Steele exposed himself in his zeal, having the double duty day upon him, as well to celebrate the immortal of king William, it being the 4th of November, as to his friend Addison up to conversation pitch, whose poetic constitution was hardly warmed for society by that time Steele was not fit for it.

'Sir Richard being, in the evening, a little too much in the same condition, was put into a chair and sent home. Next morning he was much ashamed, and sent the Bishop this distich:

"Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,

"All faults he pardons, though he none commits."

On such another occasion the waiters were hoisting him into a hackney coach, with some labour and pains, when a Tory mob was just passing by, and their cry was, *down with the Rump, &c. Up with the Rump*, cried sir Richard to the waiters, or I shall not get home to-night.'

No. 527.

(a) This last letter, and the verses, are by Pope, but the paper has no signature.

No. 529.

(a) In some universities, as in Dublin for instance, they have doctors of music, who take rank after the doctors of the three learned professions and above esquires.

No. 531.

(a) By Bishop Burnet, at the funeral of the honourable Robert Boyle.

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